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NOTES.

THE military operations in the Afridi country seem likely to be prolonged. Sir William Lockhart is surveying, exploring, skirmishing, and, no doubt, collecting much interesting information for the Quarter-master-General's Department; but are we any nearer a settlement of our quarrel with the Afidis? Every one would like to know, for example, the nature of the settlement to be made for holding the Khaibar Pass in future. Who is holding the Pass at present? Is it closed altogether for traffic? Information, indeed, is much wanted as to the precise state of affairs, not only in and about the Khaibar, but all along the frontier. If the Tochi Pass is secure, for example, cannot our troops be withdrawn? Is the Swat country friendly? Are we to witness, as the last act of the drama, an expedition against the Bonerwals, who are reported in telegrams from India to have joined the Swat tribesmen in August, and to have escaped with immunity the consequences of their action? On all this we are still in a state of entire darkness; which keeps us wondering what we have to show for four months' fighting and three millions or so of expenditure.

The tribes we are told are successively submitting and accepting the terms offered them; yet our troops do not seem to be withdrawing from the frontier, expenditure on a war-scale continues, and nothing like a real settlement is reported to have been anywhere effected. Possibly this is all we are to expect at present. The Secretary of State for India said, the other day, that if the tribes acknowledge our supremacy we need not for the moment pursue our little differences any further; very good, but if our supremacy has been acknowledged, has the time not come to recall the greater part of the army collected beyond the frontier? It has been a costly process, some will think, for obtaining a barren acknowledgment of supremacy. But as this satisfies the Government it is reasonable to express a hope that, the desired and glorious end having been attained, the frontier may be recrossed by our troops, and that there may be, if possible, an end to the whole matter. If the tribes, as an Eton boy would say, have "taken a licking," can we not go our way and leave them?

There is another point on which information is very urgently required. Somehow or other, rightly or wrongly, the telegrams from India have created a very general and a very painful impression that the stiffening of the forces on this occasion was not supplied by the customary material. There is a very disagreeable idea going about which should be corrected if, as we trust and believe, it is erroneous, that with one or two exceptions the British regiments have come out of the scrimmage less creditably than the Sikhs and the Ghurkas. This is a matter of the very greatest importance. If true, its effect upon the native element in our army will be extremely grave; if untrue, the

sooner the public knows what the facts are the better. Among other questionable acts of Lord Roberts, while Commander-in-Chief in India, was this, that he constituted the native regiments of men of one race, all of them natives of the same province, and he stationed them within the limits of their own part of the country. Thus we have now the Sikh army in the Punjab, the Hindustani army in Hindustan, and so on. We have seen what a Hindustani army can do in the way of rebellion, when it is in its own part of the country and believes itself to be superior to the British forces in its neighbourhood. Supposing the Sikhs were to take it into their heads that they are a match, or more than a match, for British troops employed to keep a check upon them in the Punjab? The Sikh army is now massed together in the Punjab, thanks to their late Commander-in-Chief; and if they get "swelled heads" they may yet raise such a tempest as we have never seen in the annals of our rule in India.

In our last week's issue there appeared a letter from Monsieur J. McNeill Whistler criticising our contributor Mr. Max Beerbohm. The letter was in M. Whistler's best butterfly style; it fluttered gaily, poised itself delicately for a moment on a slip in French or a somewhat unusual English word, and then flitted away. We will not imitate M. Whistler's manner; the airiness of the youthful irresponsible beau is antiquated now; the white plume that used to stand out so bravely against the dark locks is now almost indistinguishable, the boyish impertinences even have lost their charm as do the girlish gigglings of a maiden aunt; but "it intrigues us vastly," if we may imitate without understanding M. Whistler's English, we are, in other words, curious to know why M. Whistler should parry thrusts that do not, he avers, go near his skin?

A fortnight ago we referred to the fatal influence upon British trade of the Shipping Ring and its preferential rates in favour of our foreign rivals. The story of the Shipping Ring, as told by the "Daily Mail," is to be counted as one of the most disgracefully unpatriotic in the history of the English carrying industry, but now Mr. Clem Edwards in his book on "Railway Nationalisation" has revealed another story that is quite as disgraceful with regard to English railway companies. Here are some of the facts which show how English industries are handicapped in their struggle against foreign competition by English railways. British linen is charged £1 17s. 6d. per ton from Liverpool to London; foreign linen is only charged £1 5s. per ton. Sugar from Hamburg *via* Hull to Manchester is charged 15s. 3d. per ton; English sugar from Hull to Manchester is charged 15s. 10d. per ton. Home-made sugar from London to Sherburne, a distance of 118 miles, pays 37s. 6d. per ton; sugar from Paris to London, a distance of 340 miles, pays only 30s. per ton. British glass from London to Bristol costs 35s. per ton; foreign glass is only charged 20s. The rates for the

carriage of home timber are 100 per cent. higher than those on foreign timber. Foreign pianos are carried from Liverpool to London for 25s. per ton; English pianos are charged 70s. Instances could be multiplied indefinitely through every class of goods, and it really looks as if British railway companies were a gigantic association for the extinction of British trade.

But this is not all. When the charges of British railways are compared with the rates in countries like Germany and Belgium where the railways are owned by the State, the comparison is all to the advantage of the latter. Belgium can send its iron 100 miles by rail to Antwerp and thence by sea to London for considerable less than is charged by railway from Staffordshire to London. Finished iron and steel are transported on the Belgian railways at an average rate of 51d. per ton per mile; in England the rate varies from 1d. to 1½d. per ton per mile. So also in Germany railway rates are considerable lower than in England. How the evil is to be remedied so long as the railway companies possess their preponderating influence in the House of Commons it is difficult to discover. Railway nationalisation is at present an impossible remedy, but surely the Chambers of Commerce have not yet exhausted all possible means of forcing the matter upon the attention of the public. By their shrewd policy of buying up and controlling all the canals of the kingdom, the railway companies have secured a virtual monopoly of the internal carrying trade; the Shipping Ring is on the way to secure a monopoly of the main portion of our sea-borne commerce. It is imperative that Parliament should intervene to prevent private greed from bringing disaster upon the whole nation.

The fitness of the Millbank hollow, as the site for a gallery easy of access to the public, and capable, above all things, of giving dry preservation to its contents, was beautifully exemplified in the past week. The pit in which the foundations of the Tate Gallery have been sunk was turned into a tidal-basin on Monday last; and the river, having found for itself a nest in the heart of that wilderness, showed every sign of having come to stay. Could it, we wonder, have been careful foresight in view of such casual inundations which caused the Director, with so much space at his disposal, deliberately to "sky" Cecil Lawson's "August Moon," one of the most beautiful and important works in the whole collection? There, at all events, it hangs high and dry, out of reach of any tide that has yet been recorded. But the Director should make haste to hoist into equal safety the score and a half other beautiful works which the gallery chances to possess. It would be a pity to see Millais' "Ophelia" floating away on a stream of Thames mud from the hands of its official caretakers.

Chancellors of the Exchequer are notoriously cautious and even cheeseparing in their views on national finance, and it was as an ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer that Sir William Harcourt spoke at Kirkcaldy last week. He professed to be aghast at the increase in our national expenditure from £61,000,000 in 1870 to £88,000,000 in 1897. But he forgot to mention also that the population of the United Kingdom in the quarter of a century has increased by one-fifth, that 2,600,000 square miles of territory have been added to the Empire, and that our foreign trade has grown enormously in extent. Nineteen millions, the amount of the increase in our naval and military expenditure since 1870, is scarcely too much to provide for our increased responsibilities on sea and on land. But since Sir William Harcourt is all for economy, why did he not say more about the reform of the War Office and of our military system?

In his speech at the Royal Society's dinner on Tuesday, the Duke of Devonshire excelled himself in platitude. Politicians in this country, he said, are rarely men of science, and scientific investigation has had to make its own way without much help from the State. Both statements are equally incontrovertible and equally trite. The State has even done little of importance to assist in the dissemination of scientific knowledge and its application to the arts. The Duke of Devonshire's vague references to the scheme of

secondary education which the Government is incubating hold out little hope for the future. We are evidently as far off as ever from a practicable scheme, in spite of Royal Commissions and innumerable tentative Bills. In the meantime Germany, with her admirable system of secondary and technical education, is gaining on us in the race for industrial supremacy.

The Emperor William had a surprise in store for his faithful Commons, not to speak of his Ministers, at the opening of the Reichstag on Tuesday. After the usual commonplaces of the written speech, edited by Prince Hohenlohe, the War-Lord, speaking in a loud voice and "with his eagle-crested helmet on his head," began to talk "in the face of Almighty God" about the maintenance of the empire abroad, winding up by calling upon all present, "with hearts full of emotion and with moist eyes," to stand by him in some holy cause, which he did not further particularise, except by saying that he had not hesitated to stake his only brother in it. This may mean the increase of the navy in general, or the seizure of Kiao-Chiao in particular. The unfortunate missionaries were quite overlooked by the Emperor, although they had been duly mentioned in the written speech. The reference to Prince Henry shows, at any rate, a Christian and forgiving spirit, for that lively young sailor has never hesitated to express, in vigorous language, his opinion of the sayings and doings of his elder brother, a freedom of speech which not long ago brought down on him a decree of banishment from the sunshine of the Imperial countenance.

Wherever two or three were gathered together in Germany last week in obvious enjoyment of a joke, it was safe to conclude that they had got a surreptitious copy of the suppressed number of "Kladderadatsch," with Brandt's cartoon illustrative of the effects of the Emperor's last army speech on the great soldiers of the past. The German "Punch" represented Alexander, Leonidas, and Napoleon in the nether regions having a laugh over a copy of the "National Zeitung" containing the wonderful declaration that only a good Christian could be a brave soldier or could fulfil his duties to his king. The Devil enjoys the fun as well as his guests, and in the background "der alte Fritz" is hobbling up with a look in his eye that bodes no good to his babbling Imperial successor if he ever comes within reach of the terrible crutch. "Kladderadatsch" has been very bold lately, but this was too much, and so for a couple of days the police were out in swarms, seizing all visible copies of the offending sheet in cafés and reading rooms. Bismarck in his fighting days often seized whole editions of newspapers, but then he was respected and feared by nine-tenths of the nation. What is the use of seizing comic papers when nine-tenths of the nation is laughing at you already?

If we may judge from the anxiety of the Radicals to convince the country that the proposal for an Imperial Zollverein has been still-born, the chances of its adoption are greater than some of its advocates have dared to hope. Lord Rosebery has denounced it as impracticable, or, if not impracticable, as undesirable; Sir William Harcourt regards it as "nonsense," and both he and Lord Farrer would have us believe that it was killed at the Colonial Conference held this year. But if it is dead why inaugurate a campaign against it, as Lord Farrer suggested at the Cobden Club on Tuesday? The truth of course is, as any one—even a member of the Cobden Club—may learn for himself from the official records, that the Colonial Conference took a very important first step towards a Zollverein. Mr. Chamberlain agreed to denounce the treaties with which Lord Ripon said it would be the height of unwise to interfere, and the Colonial Premiers undertook to confer with their colleagues with a view to proposals for giving the goods of the mother country preference in the Colonial markets. There was no failure here; no scotching of the economic serpent of the Farrerite imagination. If nothing has been done immediately by the Colonies, the explanation is that it would be useless to move until June, 1898, when the Belgian and German Treaties expire. Some day, when a British Commercial League such as was advocated ten years ago by Lord Rosebery exists, the Radicals will

doubtless claim credit for having brought it about, just as they now claim credit for the greatness of the Empire.

The document signed by the experts representing England, Canada, and the United States in reference to the fur-seals of the Behring Sea ought to help to settle a tedious and irritating controversy; for now the three sides have agreed upon the essential facts. The full text of the document has not yet been published, but beyond all doubt the three parties concerned agree that the Canadian sealers have faithfully obeyed the existing regulations, that nevertheless the seal herd is becoming smaller, that pelagic sealing is responsible for the decrease, and that therefore the regulations of the Paris Award are insufficient for the purpose for which they were instituted.

Lord Pirbright, better known as Baron Henry de Worms, does good service by calling attention, in the new number of the "National Review," to the situation in regard to the Sugar Bounties and the West Indies. There is nothing told that those who have followed the subject did not know before, but the bulk of our people, and we may add, of their representatives, are so shockingly ignorant on this serious question that a recapitulation of the facts by one who, as the Minister responsible for the negotiations of 1888-1889, is naturally acquainted with all the details published and unpublished, can do nothing but good. From the controversial point of view the most important fact brought to light is that in 1864 a treaty, recognising the principle of countervailing duties, was negotiated and signed by the Free Trade Ministry of Earl Russell and Mr. Gladstone, the latter afterwards defending this provisional agreement as one "tending to equal trade." We hope this will not be forgotten when next Lord Farrer and the Cobden Club try to raise the Free Trade bogey as a means of preventing an act of simple justice to our Colonies.

Lord Farrer and the Cobden Club had their annual general meeting on Tuesday, and seem to have enjoyed themselves hugely. The meeting, we are informed, consisted chiefly of Lord Farrer, Mr. Gowing, a gentleman from Sweden, half-a-dozen reporters, and numerous letters of apology, and those present and absent were adjured to "show their teeth at once," in view of the many dangers threatening the cause. In spite of Mr. Gladstone's admission that countervailing duties "tend to equal trade," Lord Farrer declared that they were "worse than the sugar bounties," which, he admitted, were "an abomination." This puzzles us, for we have often listened to Lord Farrer expounding at length that if foreign nations were "foolish enough" to grant the bounties, it was our duty rather to encourage than to discourage them, for did they not enable the "consumer" to get his sugar and his jam cheaper. And if, as Lord Farrer maintains, the cheapest must always be the best, how comes it that it is an "abomination" for us to get cheap sugar or cheap jam? It looks as if Lord Farrer recognises that the subject is getting too complicated for him, for the most earnest passage in his speech was an appeal to "some of the younger men" to come forward and take up the work of the club. But the young men, and most of the old, contented themselves with letters of apology.

Miss Mary Kingsley—whose "Travels in West Africa" has achieved a success only surpassed among recent works of travel by Stanley's "Darkest Africa" and Nansen's "Farthest North"—has now undertaken a more dangerous task than a visit to the Fans. Her protests against the wildly exaggerated statements as to the evils of the West African liquor traffic show a courage that borders on the desperate. The sale of intoxicating liquors to the West Coast negroes is admitted by every one to be an objectionable business, which ought to be stopped as soon as the natives can be prevented drinking the even more poisonous beverages they make themselves. Meanwhile the trade has done good in supplying the main part of the revenues by which the administration of the country is possible. If the natives had all been good teetotalers before the advent of the whites the liquor trade would

deserve the severest condemnations passed upon it. But as since time immemorial every tribe has brewed its own tipple, European administrators have simply been turning an ingrained evil habit to a good end.

The most influential and widely representative deputation ever assembled in Ireland waited on Mr. Gerald Balfour at the Castle this week to urge on the Government the necessity for proceeding without delay with the Bill for creating a Department of Agriculture and Industries. As was expected, they got no immediate comfort, for the Chief Secretary could only say that there was not the slightest prospect of being able to proceed with two important Irish Bills in one session, or to find more money in a year when the Government is already pledged to a grant of over £700,000 a year to grease the wheels of the new County Councils. He was, however, emphatic in repudiating the suggestion of some foolish people that the grant in aid of Local Government was to be taken as in any way a substitute for a Board of Agriculture. The Board remains a definite pledge to be fulfilled in the future, and as Mr. Balfour is now carrying out a reduction of the Irish Royal Constabulary which will, when completed, effect a saving of some half-million per annum, one may safely hazard a guess as to the source of the funds for the new Department when it is established.

We fail to see why the choice of the Progressives for the chairmanship of the London School Board should have fallen on a titled nonentity like Lord Reay. He is a Dutchman holding a Dutch peerage, and was only naturalised here in 1877. Lord Reay was Governor of Bombay from 1885 to 1890 and Under-Secretary of State for India from 1894 to 1895, facts which explain his possession of the G.C.I.E. and G.C.S.I. But we are puzzled to understand how he, an English subject of only four years' standing, had earned by the year 1881 the Peerage of the United Kingdom which was conferred upon him, in addition to the Scottish Barony and Baronetcy to which he had previously succeeded. We pointed out quite recently that his lordship does not possess a coat of arms to place beneath his gilded coronet.

The expressions of public disapproval of the Darling appointment were evidently not wasted on the Government. No doubt they sincerely wish to remove the bad impression made by that political job. Firstly they took a step back into the right way by selecting for the judicial bench an able lawyer, who made his profession his real occupation. They have now "gone one better" by appointing an eminent practising barrister, who is also well known to be a Radical. As to Sir Walter Phillimore proving a good judge, it must be admitted that the obvious man for a place does not always turn out to be the best man; which may be the excuse for appointments improbable on any theory of claims or chances. Such appointments may sometimes show the greater perspicacity of the appointer. Mr. Justice Darling, for instance, is really not doing badly so far; while Mr. Justice Byrne, whom gods and men agreed to be the only possible successor to Sir Joseph Chitty, is not doing well. He is slow, very slow.

Poor Lord Halsbury according to some people can never do right. His latest appointment—that of Sir Walter Phillimore to be a judge in the place of the late Sir Charles Pollock—cannot be described as other than exceptionally good. Sir Walter is not related to the Lord Chancellor, he is an excellent and sound lawyer, and his selection is in no degree due to party considerations. Sir Walter Phillimore is best remembered as Counsel with Sir Francis Jeune for the defence in the celebrated trial of the Bishop of Lincoln. The Bishop was cited to appear at Lambeth Palace, and the Archbishop on entering the library where the court was constituted opened the proceedings with the remark "Let us pray." Sir Francis, the son of a bishop, dutifully knelt down in a manner befitting his parentage. Sir Walter remained erect, and when his fellow counsel shortly afterwards rose to his feet said to him, "What on earth did you kneel down for? We are here to protest against the illegality of the whole of these proceedings." At once came the reply, "My dear fellow, you know I only prayed without prejudice."

THE SOCIETY TRAGEDY, WITH A MORAL.

IN the High Court, before the Lord Chief Justice and a Special Jury, the last act of a tragedy, involving the happiness of several lives, was on Tuesday brought to a conclusion. It was Flaubert, we think, who first drew attention to the fact that the art of the novel writer or romance writer was strictly limited to the probable, whereas in real life the fantastic, or monstrously improbable, was of daily occurrence. But, in this instance, real life, while dealing with the fantastic and improbable, has constructed the architectural part of the story according to the canons of highest art. The incidents, it is true, are weirdly strange, but the characters all act according to their natures and to circumstances, and the drama deepens from hour to hour till it ends in crime and ruin.

We will first of all give the facts as they came out in the Law Court—the fifth act of the tragedy as it were—and then briefly describe the four preceding acts, which were not submitted to the Jury, nor commented upon by the Chief Justice. In the case *Lewis v. Clay* the following facts were brought out: The plaintiff was Mr. Samuel Lewis, of Cork Street and Grosvenor Square, the famous money-lender. The defendant was a young man, Mr. H. Spender Clay, of the 2nd Life Guards. The plaintiff sued for the amount of two promissory notes for £3,113 15s. and £8,000 respectively, which had been made by the defendant in conjunction with Lord William Nevill. The defendant's story was that when he and Lord William Nevill were staying together in a house at Ascot in June, 1896, "Lord William came into his bed-room on Sunday the 21st, whilst he (Mr. Clay) was washing his hands before lunch, and said, 'I want you to witness a deed.' He produced a roll of either cartridge-paper, foolscap, or blotting-paper, in which there were four holes cut. The witness asked him what it was. He said it was a deed relating to some money, for which he wanted a power of attorney, and that he wanted it in connexion with the proceedings in his sister's divorce suit. Then Lord William signed his name twice (he believed), and the witness signed four times. The witness asked to see the document, but Lord William said he would rather not, having known him so long he (Mr. Clay) could trust him. The witness had no suspicion he was signing a promissory note, or any document creating liability on his part. Lord William then took the document away. The witness mentioned the matter to Mr. Clive Wilson."

In cross-examination it came out that Mr. Clay understood he was witnessing one document only, though he signed four times. "Mr. Clay trusted it was all right, though there were four of his signatures to two of Lord William's; *he did not think about it.*" He did not notice that the paper was different in two cases to what it was in the others. But even this peculiarly careless young gentleman had his suspicions aroused later." On 2 December he received a telephonic message from Lord William, asking to see him. The witness gave him an appointment. He came about a quarter past four. He asked him to witness another document. The witness asked him why he telephoned to him to do a thing that any clerk could do. Lord William said it would save a £20 stamp by having the same person to witness this document as the one who witnessed the last. He further told him that the document was a power of attorney from Mr. H. Norman, who was abroad, and wished him to distribute some money in charity. The witness did not know what a power of attorney was. He did not at the time observe that the story was not the same as in June. But this discrepancy flashed across him later and he saw Captain Peel and Lord Kensington. He then telephoned for his solicitor, and saw him at 5.30 p.m. He also wrote to Lord William Nevill, and Lord William Nevill replied that he was going to return the signatures. On 3 December he wrote again, referring to the June document, which he said he might also have been deceived about. He went to see Lord William during that day. Lord William said, 'Don't look at me, I have a confession to make to you.' He called Lord William a swindler. The witness's solicitor having pressed him to ask further about the June documents,

the witness wrote asking if he might see Lord William again, but this time Lord William refused to see him. On 4 December he again saw Lord William, who then acknowledged the documents were bills, but said they were for a small amount. He denied that Mr. Lewis had got them. On Wednesday, 8 December, he told witness the total amount of the bills."

The story thus baldly told by the daily papers, is astonishing enough in all conscience; but the elements of unlikelihood in it practically precluded the possibility that it was invented. There were besides some slight corroborations of it. In fine, the jury accepted it *en bloc*. Still, the necessary additions must be made to it. First of all, let us explain that the documents signed by the guileless Mr. Clay were the two promissory notes and two letters addressed to Mr. Samuel Lewis authorising him to pay the sums of £3,113 15s. and £8,000 to Lord William Nevill. One letter covering both promissory notes would perhaps have sufficed; but the fact shows that whoever was careless, Mr. Samuel Lewis did not err in this respect. The chief corroboration that Mr. Clay's story received was the fact that both the letters and the promissory notes bore the marks of pin-pricks. They had probably, at some time or other, been attached to blotting-paper or some other sort of paper, as Mr. Clay alleged, whilst Mr. Samuel Lewis admitted that it was not his practice to pin such documents. Every one who has visited the rooms or Cabin in Cork-street knows that Uncle Sam simply tosses the documents into the huge safe as if it were a sort of waste-paper basket. We shall probably have to believe now that his carelessness is affected. The whole story was lifted by the Lord Chief Justice to that platform of tolerant kindliness in words which is so characteristic of English life. Mr. Lewis deserved the name of a man who was honourably engaged in business, "not perhaps a business which men of great delicacy of mind would care to follow;" but still an honourable business, and above all, a legal business. The Lord Chief Justice seems to have borne a little heavily on Mr. Spender Clay. He said that Mr. Clay had given his evidence as "a reasonably intelligent young man," and that it was an "extraordinary thing" that a reasonably intelligent young man "should think that for the purpose of attesting the two signatures of Lord William Nevill—he (Mr. Clay) was not even sure whether those signatures were on the paper before he signed—he (Mr. Clay) should be required to sign his name four times in four different places." Lord Russell added "that he did not say that to indicate that he did not believe the story told by Mr. Clay." If the Lord Chief Justice was kindly but fair, Lord William Nevill supplied the acid in the salad. According to Mr. Sam Lewis, he called Mr. Spender Clay "a young brute," and declared with a peculiar appreciation of the position "that it would serve him right to make him pay up." Lord William added lightheartedly that Mr. Spender Clay might "have a go at him," and "make him bankrupt if he liked." Now, what is the key to all this mystery?

Of course Mr. Conan Doyle in feeble imitation of Poe would go back to the pin-pricks in the documents, as the most interesting point in this story; but the true explanation we think is to be found in the grotesque cheerfulness of Lord William Nevill. Let us now begin to give the story vitality by sketching in the characters, and in fact by rehearsing the earlier acts of the drama. It is not the modern way to waste indignation on the vicious or criminal; we content ourselves with tracing vice or criminality back to its source, and prefer to find in the cause itself a warning rather than a deterrent in punishment.

Lord William Nevill is the fourth son of the Marquess of Abergavenny. We do not wish to give pain to the living and therefore prefer not to enter into details, but those who know the family will admit that while Lord William Nevill was not the weakest member of it, yet Lord William Nevill himself was never distinguished for strength or health of body or of mind. In person he was very tall; about six feet in height and painfully thin. Even in the prime of life, say at twenty-five or thirty, he had no physical strength; he was indeed extremely, even painfully, delicate. The face confirmed this impression of physical

weakness. It was thin and pallid, and the violet rings round the eyes told the sad tale of a wretched constitution. The expression of the face was pleasing; one felt that the nature was amiable and this feeling was deepened by a sort of youthful ingenuousness of manner which won for Lord William Nevill many sympathies. He seemed to be always very young; there was not in him the strength of manhood. Accordingly when his friends heard some ten years ago that he had fallen in love with Miss Murrietta and that at the same time he had turned Catholic, they smiled involuntarily. It was so like Willie Nevill to assume the religion of his betrothed. For some inconceivable reason this amiable weakness was said to have excited Lord Abergavenny's wrath. When the marriage came off every one said that Lord William Nevill had done very well for himself; and he had in every sense. The young couple went into a very nice house in Brechin Place, S.W., and for some time knew no more of the cares of life than are to be met with by those who live in London with a great name, good position and most ample income. It was rumoured that the Murrietas not only supplied the income and furnished the house, but had also paid off Lord William's youthful debts. It is not intended to give the impression that these debts were large, but that Lord William Nevill's bachelor allowance had been small. To make a long story short, he found in his marriage the opportunity for a social career which, after all, was the only career suited either to his temperament or to his training. For some time he used his opportunities deftly. He and his wife became very popular, and it looked as if the son would soon acquire in the world of society as considerable an influence as the father had acquired in the political world. But in a moment fortune changed, and the gay pleasure skiff had to face comparatively rough weather. It never, we suppose, struck Lord Revelstoke when as head of Barings' he went "nap" on Argentine securities that his rashness would bring Lord W. Nevill to ruin. When the house of Baring fell it dragged down with it the house of Murrietta, and Lord and Lady William Nevill had to face the world without that infinitely expandible tri-monthly cheque. Even then to a less-fortunate man the prospect would not have seemed gloomy. The bearer of a great name in England does not usually find it very difficult to make money, and Lord William, as the evidence in the trial showed, found it easier than most. Mr. Sam Lewis declared that Lord William had had £90,000 from him in less than three years; that one young gentleman alone, having backed bills for Lord William to the tune of £40,000, paid like a man and made no complaint. Now £30,000 a year is sufficient to live on in a modest way even if one call oneself Lord William Nevill, but it must not be forgotten that the greater part of this income was obtained by shifts and stratagems. When the parting of the ways came, Lord William Nevill took the wrong turning—as was to have been expected. At school he was fed on adulation and trained in extravagance. He had found people eager to lend him money before he had a tail-coat or a stand-up collar, and now he naturally went back to the old way of raising the wind without thinking of the possible whirlwind that might ensue. Had he known a little more of life; had he been a little more patient, a little stronger; in fact, had he not been Lord William Nevill he might easily have saved himself. Then the Providence that helps the titled weak in England might have made him the director of a great insurance company or a great railway, and this would have led to other directorships, and so Lord William Nevill might have earned decently five or six thousand a year, and that should have been enough for him and his wife, for after years of married life they were still childless. But no. The rumour went about London that Lord William Nevill had been lucky again, and his luck took different forms in the mouths of the various scandal-mongers. This for an instance. It was said that he had become a sort of social guide and sponsor to an Australian millionaire, and had received a cheque for five thousand pounds for bringing a Prince to the Colonial's dinner-table. Now we know that such cheques were of the nature of windfalls, and that his real banker was Mr. Samuel

Lewis. He became, it is true, the manager of the West-end branch of an insurance company, but it was only an insurance against burglars or something of that sort, and his pay may perhaps have paid for his cigarettes! Our readers will now understand why Lord William Nevill took the matter so lightly. Weak from the birth he had never been trained to meet the realities of life; "it will all come right somehow" was his only real creed. And this is the outcome of that belief: ninety thousand pounds spent in less than three years; a signature obtained by fraud, the name he bore disdained and himself an exile! Lord William Nevill must now begin to pay his debts, and he will find them heavy; for his own nature is the chief creditor.

Mr. Spender Clay, we confess, does not excite our sympathy. He is a good-looking youth of a rather florid type, as befits one whose money comes from the great firm of Bass. We might use a saying of Tim Healy's, applied, however, to a totally different person, and suggest that Mr. Spender Clay should take for his motto "Bass is the slave that pays"—or rather who does not pay in this instance. We agree in fine with the Lord Chief Justice that Mr. Spender Clay is a man of "average intelligence" who has "knocked about more or less with men of the world"—for instance, he played a fair hand at poker before he came into his majority—and with the Lord Chief Justice again we regard it as "an extraordinary thing that Mr. Clay should think that for the purpose of attesting the two signatures of Lord William Nevill—he was not even sure whether the signatures were on the paper before he signed—he should be required to sign his name four times in four different places."

THE POWERS OF THE L. C. C.

IT has become imperative to clear the air of misconceptions. We are at the beginning of a controversy on London local government. Lord Salisbury, following up his recent speech, tells us explicitly this week that certain "powers of which the London County Council will be divested are to be conferred upon municipal bodies representing a smaller area." The time for discussing this project on its merits will come later, when we know what the powers are that it is proposed to transfer. The immediate need is a knowledge of the facts. What are the existing powers of the County Council, and of the smaller municipal bodies of the metropolis?

We confess to a sense of the ridiculous in setting out to answer this question in detail. It is like teaching an infants' class that *a-b* spells *ab*. But, since the Government evidently knows no more than an infants' class about this matter (has not Lord Salisbury blundered over it, and Mr. Chamberlain displayed the completest ignorance of its very alphabet?) perhaps our Board School readers will forgive us for taking up a little space with such elementary facts as follow.

The powers of the London County Council can be seen at a glance in the list of its standing Committees. There are nineteen of them,—the Asylums, Bridges, Building Act, Corporate Property, Establishment, Finance, Fire Brigade, General Purposes, Highways, Improvements, Industrial and Reformatory Schools, Local Government and Taxation, Main Drainage, Parks and Open Spaces, Parliamentary, Public Control, Public Health and Housing, Theatres and Music Halls, and Works Committees. Seven—the Corporate Property, Establishment, General Purposes, Local Government and Taxation, Finance, Parliamentary, and Works Committees—may be neglected, as they do not administer any special powers of the Council, but are merely the machinery of organization. Seven of the remaining Committees—the Asylums, Bridges, Fire Brigade, Industrial Schools, Main Drainage, Parks, and Theatres—may also be ruled out, since the departments administered by them, as indicated in their names, are by their very nature outside the scope of district control. In fact, the only possible delegation of their powers to smaller authorities is concerned with the very small play-grounds and open spaces at present under the Parks Committee. So that we are limited to the work at present controlled by the remaining five Committees in our search for powers to be transferred to the district authorities. The list

may be once more reduced by striking out the Highways and Improvements Committees. The Highways Committee has charge of the Thames Embankment, regulates the laying of electric-light wires, and deals with the tramway question. It has not charge of the streets, as its name might lead the unwary to imagine; for the County Council is not the street authority of the Metropolis. As for the Improvements Committee, the removal of its work from the Council would simply mean that great improvements of metropolitan importance (the vestries carry out local improvements) would be forbidden in London. There remain the Public Control, the Public Health and Housing, and the Building Act Committees. The Public Control Committee has miscellaneous duties. It administers the Weights and Measures Acts, and licences baby-farms and places for storing petroleum. It is the maid-of-all-work of the Council, taking over all the odds and ends, the minor duties, that do not fit into the work of other departments. Probably amongst its multifarious duties one or two trivial matters might be found with which to endow the District Councils. The Public Health and Housing Committee deals with insanitary areas only. Insanitary houses are the care of the vestries. The division of power between the Council and the districts in this matter is so obviously the right thing that we do not pause to consider the possibility of its coming within the scope of the unrevealed scheme of the Government. Finally, there is the Building Act Committee. The transfer of its powers to the vestries would give us a score of different interpretations of the Building Acts, would vastly increase the cost of administration, and would delight those worthy people, the jerry-builders, to an extent that no outsider can realise.

This, then, is the sum total of the powers of the Council. "Oh," but we can imagine Mr. Chamberlain saying, "you have forgotten to account for the greater part of the municipal work of the metropolis. You have said nothing about local and house drainage, removal of refuse, making and repairing streets, paving, lighting, providing conveniences, adopting the Public Libraries Act, and all the rest of it. Have you forgotten that I compared the London County Council with the Birmingham Town Council, and showed that the former was too large a body to carry out such powers as were administered by the latter? These are the powers for which the area of the County Council is too great, the powers which would be better administered by districts about the size of Birmingham." All this work, as we need hardly tell any one but Lord Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain, is already under the control of "districts about the size of Birmingham." The County Council has nothing whatever to do with it. The navvies who make us use strong language when they take up the streets for repair at inconvenient seasons, the gentlemen who come round with the dust carts, the lamplighters, the "unemployed" who find temporary work in shovelling the snow from our front pavement and heaping it up on the roadside where every passing cart squirts it over us for days—all these and other local workers take their orders from the vestries and district boards of works.

Is it too much to ask Lord Salisbury to specify the powers that are to be transferred? So far, only one item has been mentioned, and that was by Mr. Chamberlain. He told us that house drainage was to be made a district work; but as house drainage is already a district work, and always has been, this does not help us much, except to an understanding that Mr. Chamberlain does not know what he is talking about. Legislation that has its beginning in such incredible ignorance cannot be anticipated with much confidence. Is it the fire brigade that is to be broken up? or the main drainage that is to be managed in sections? or are the asylums to be controlled by their own inmates? Let us have the details of the projected change, if only for the sake of enabling Mr. Chamberlain to get through his next speech on the subject without making a scorn and derision of himself.

THE GERMANS AT KIAO-CHIAO.

IF we were disposed to find excuses for the riot at Yenchow, we might ask what fate would be expected to befall missionaries who attempted to prosely-

tise at Medina. For Yenchow is the Chinese Medina. It is the birthplace not only of Confucius, but also of Mencius, who is esteemed by the Chinese as the second greatest of their sages.

Such incidents cannot, however, be passed by; and Germany is right in exerting pressure on the Province concerned. That is the principle on which we ourselves used to act, and its abandonment by Mr. Gladstone and Lord Clarendon was an error to which many subsequent difficulties have been due.

What excites remark, however, in the present instance is the disproportion between the reparation demanded, and the preparation to enforce the demand. The fact is that here was a pretext for which Germany has been waiting. We have been hearing of German ships exploring this and that island off the Chinese coast ever since she joined Russia and France in pushing Japan out of Liao-tung. But Chinese islands can scarcely be treated as derelict, and a pretext was needed for taking possession if the Imperial Government objected to cede territory.

The erection of a cathedral; the payment of Tls. 200,000; the degradation of the Governor of Shantung; the cession of a coaling station, and the monopoly of railway construction in the province involved seem to us extravagant demands—even admitting that the Chinese officials were probably remiss in dealing with the riot at Yenchow. The Continental press is fond of denouncing our supposed propensity for grabbing anything, anywhere, with or without excuse. But these demands of Germany may lead us to reflect what an opportunity we lost when two Englishmen were killed, a few years ago, in a riot at Wuhu. We ought at least, then, to have annexed Chusan.

The real interest of the situation, from a European point of view, consists in the purposed annexation of an island in Kiao-chiao Bay. Indeed, it seems nearly incredible that such a selection should have been made without a previous understanding with one, at least, of the two Great Powers whose interests preponderate in the Far East. A fifteen years' lease of this bay was one of the features of the alleged Cassini Convention; and the whole course of subsequent events has gone to prove that that document was a programme, at least, if not a treaty.

The idea of Germany setting out to establish herself in Kiao-chiao Bay without ascertaining beforehand whether the measure would be distasteful to Russia is altogether inconsistent with her recent attitude towards that Power. Naval authorities do not, we believe, speak highly of Kiao-chiao. It is a fine sheet of water, but its very expanse is a drawback; it is defective in respect of shelter, and a winter's experience is said to have disenchanted Russia of her lien. The strategic position on the map is, however, ideal. If fortification is allowed, the occupying Power would practically command the entrance to the Gulf of Pechili and be in a position to exercise a degree of influence over the Imperial Government to which we could hardly be indifferent. The next feature of the programme which concerns us is the alleged demand for a monopoly of railway construction in Shantung. French and Russian projects in the South and North of China may be urged as precedents for such a monopoly, but the fact remains that monopolies are inconsistent with the "favoured nation" clause which every foreign treaty with China contains. The remark was made in our columns, not long ago, that the alternatives before China were financial reform or disintegration. If the process of disintegration once began there would be a scramble for possession among the European Powers, like that which is now going on in Africa; and Germany's present action may, perhaps, indicate the share she would be disposed to claim in the spoil.

THE CRISIS IN THE UPPER NILE.

THE most critical situation in Africa at the present time is in the basin of the Upper Nile, where events are taking place, compared with which delimitation quarrels in West Africa and the retrocession of Kassala sink into insignificance. The recent advance up the Nile from Egypt can have but one ultimate aim—the commercial reopening of the Soudan, which

would inevitably result from the occupation of Khartoum. The feelings of complaisant satisfaction with which England has watched the advance of the Egyptian army towards "the gate of the Soudan," have not been disturbed by a consciousness of the fact that another Power has quietly occupied the goal. Immediately after the British retreat from Khartoum in 1885, the French began preparations for the annexation of the Bahr-el-Ghazl province and the left bank of the Upper Nile. In 1887 they compelled the Congo Free State to agree to a fresh convention (that of 29 April, 1887), whereby the French secured an easy route into the Nile basin from the French Congo. As soon as the power of Mahdism began to wane, French agents crossed the low watershed that separated their province of the Mbomu from the Bahr-el-Ghazl, and they concluded treaties with the native chiefs. These proceedings were conducted secretly, and were not revealed until the escape of Slatin Pasha, who, during his imprisonment at Omdurman, had translated the treaties and French proclamations. Meanwhile the Belgians had attempted to annex the coveted Bahr-el-Ghazl for the Congo Free State; Nihilis, for example, had actually occupied and fortified the town of Katuaka. But on the Belgian advance being made known in Europe, France pointed out that it was contrary to the Convention of 29 April, 1887, and insisted on the return of all the Congo Free State forces to the south of the Mbomu. Finding from the Belgian success that Mahdism was no longer powerful in the Central Soudan, the French began preparations for an advance to the Nile. Aluminium launches or "gun-boats" were sent up the Congo to the Mbomu for transportation thence to the Bahr-el-Ghazl. M. Liotard, the Governor of the Haut-Congo, crossed into the Nile basin, and reinforcements under M. Marchaud were hurried forward to his assistance. M. Liotard was at Dom Zubeir at the end of June, while, when last heard of, M. Marchaud was at Dom Suleiman, a few marches to the north-west. Dom Zubeir is an important post, about five degrees to the West of the Nile. Continuing eastward, M. Liotard reached and occupied Meshera-er-Rek on 23 July, having in less than a month crossed three-fifths of the belt that separated him from the Nile; and unless some accident has happened to him, he, no doubt, reached the Nile in August or early in September.

On the Nile he was probably met by a French force which had reached the river from Abyssinia. The late Captain Clochette, to whose aid the Abyssinians were apparently largely indebted for their victory at Adowa, left Addis-Abeba, the present capital of Abyssinia, early in the spring. He was followed by a second force, under the Marquis de Bonchamp and M. Michel, who left the same town on the 17th May, and came up with Captain Clochette, at Goré, on July 1st. The two parties rested there till the 22nd of July. On that day they resumed their journey to the west, marching on parallel lines towards the Nile at Fashoda, 200 miles distant. Captain Clochette was shortly afterwards accidentally killed, but the Marquis de Bonchamp appears to have reached Fashoda in September. There is no proof that he has actually effected a junction with M. Liotard, but in all probability it has already taken place. Geographically, the country is well known, so that exploration plays no part in the work of any of these expeditions, which have been undertaken solely for the sake of political annexation. The leaders claim to have taken possession of the country in the name of either France or Abyssinia, and it is necessary to consider the value of this occupation.

On the west bank of the Nile, the question depends on the relative value of the Egyptian claim based on former possession, and that of the French, maintained on the ground of present occupation. The British Government has repeatedly affirmed that the Bahr-el-Ghazl is still Egyptian, and therefore in the British sphere of influence. The French reply that there are no rights of sovereignty in Africa unless supported by occupation, and that the British retreat in 1885, and the declarations of 1889, leave them free to enter the country, and hold it if they can.

On the east bank of the Nile the question largely hinges on the treaty signed last May by Menelik and Mr. Rennell Rodd. The terms of that agreement are

still secret. The only rumours not based on manifest guessing are some that have reached Paris from the Abyssinian capital, and the fact that they reach us through French sources renders them untrustworthy; but the secret is more likely to be betrayed in Addis-Abeba than in London. According to these rumours, England agreed to recognise the Abyssinian possession of the whole of the territory on the right bank of the Nile from just south of Khartoum to the Albert Nyanza, and north of a line drawn thence eastward along the second parallel of north latitude to the Juba. The whole of this vast area is at any rate claimed by the Abyssinians, and the Negus has entrusted the administration of the southern part to the Franco-Russian association of Count Leontieff. If this preposterous Abyssinian claim be admitted, then British East Africa is cut off from the north by a belt of country, either French or under French administration, extending right across Africa from the Red Sea to the Atlantic. The possession of Uganda and Khartoum will be useless, and the millions of money devoted to the Nile campaign and the Uganda railway will have been spent in vain. And this British failure will be all the more mortifying from the painful contrast between the secrecy and swiftness of the French movements and the blundering clumsiness with which the English competitor in the race for Fashoda has entered the field. In this case, alas! the race is to the swift, and Major Macdonald is squandering resources intended for the protection of British interests on the White Nile in fighting his own escort on the Nyanza shores.

CANALS VERSUS RAILWAYS IN INDIA.

IN the last debate in the House of Commons on the Indian Budget, Lord George Hamilton is reported by the telegrams to have said that the Government will not go in for wholesale irrigation, but intends to continue the policy of constructing railways in India. Although no data were given to show why the one policy should be preferred to the other, Lord George Hamilton's announcement strangely enough passed in the House without exciting any comment. As, however, Indian affairs are now attracting some slight attention in England, the public may like to be made acquainted with certain facts, taken as far as possible from the published official reports, that will help them to judge for themselves of the comparative advantages of railways and canals as means of communication in India.

The first things to be considered are carrying capacity, speed, and cost of transit. In Walch's "History of the Godavery Works" (p. 149) the total quantity of goods carried on the Godavery canals in the year 1893-94 is given as 393,725 tons. It would be very difficult to find any 400 miles of railway in India that have one-fourth of this traffic. As regards speed, the boats are worked on an average up and down stream at $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour, which is just about the rate of progression of a goods train in India. Coming, thirdly, to the cost of transit, the ton mileage of the canals is given as 22,778,645; and at the lowest railway rate, viz., 8 pie per ton per mile, the cost to the district would have been $9\frac{1}{2}$ lacs of rupees, whereas the actual cost by water-carriage was certainly under $1\frac{1}{2}$ lacs of rupees. Thus the canals saved the country 8 lacs of rupees, or 534 per cent., on the cost of transport of its raw products to port and market. Now, these canal boats are worked by a very poor but industrious class, who live on board. What the Government propose is to increase their taxation by no less than 300 per cent., in order to drive the traffic on to the railways. The effect of this step will be not only to deprive these poor people of their sole means of livelihood, but also to ruin the agriculture of the district; for at present the saving from carriage by water works out at about 1 rupee per acre. The farmers will have to choose between the high railway rates on the one hand and an increase of 300 per cent. in the charge for carriage by water on the other. Even in England the cost of freight bears hardly enough on agriculture, and some idea may thus be formed of the disastrous effect of an increase of 300 per cent. in such charges on a poor country like India.

Coming next to the point of view of the revenue, I will give one instance, out of many that I have met

with in India, of the readiness with which the people avail themselves of any good means afforded them of improving their industries. In the year 1852 the Attaly Canal was cut to irrigate 30,000 acres of land in one of the most fertile parts of the Delta, but was not then made navigable. In 1870 I found the canal was almost a dead failure, and was not doing more than a quarter of the work it was intended to do; and, as soon as my completion estimates were sanctioned in the following year, I ordered the canal to be made navigable at once (much against the opinion, I must admit, of every official in the district). Before the foundations of the first lock had been laid, the people came to inquire if the navigation was to be completed and connected with all other parts of the district; and, on their being assured that such was the case, they at once took up an additional 10,000 acres of land for irrigation. This canal now irrigates 42,957 acres for first and second crops, and yields a revenue of 150,000 rupees a year to the Government, as against an expenditure of 86,000 rupees for the improvements. The Indian railways, on the contrary, do not even pay the interest guaranteed for the capital expended on them, and are consequently an increasing burden on the finances of the country. Why, then, should this burden continue to grow when fifty years' experience has shown clearly that the railways have nowise promoted the industries of India, and have not averted a single famine, while they have prevented the people from obtaining the water supply which, when the rains fail, can alone preserve them from perishing, as has been clearly demonstrated during the past twelve months?

Let me add an example of the improvement in the value of real property consequent upon good hydraulic works. In the hot weather of 1853, when I was making the surveys and levels for the Nursipur Canal, I had to carry all the drinking water for my camp by coolies for the last ten or twelve miles down to the coast. The land was saturated with salt, all the wells were brackish, not a blade of green grass was to be seen, nor was a drop of fresh water procurable. Since the canal was cut, and fresh water from the Godaverry river let into it, the salt has been all washed out of the land, which now bears abundant crops of rice, &c.; and in 1870, on my return to the district, I saw the same land being sold by auction for 450 rupees, or £45, per acre. Nor, indeed, is this an extravagant price for well-irrigated property in close proximity to an easily navigable canal. Applying these data to the whole Delta, in which there are now upwards of 700,000 acres of irrigated land, we find that a real estate has been here created worth at least thirty millions sterling, and increasing in value every year, while the cost of the works has been less than one and a half millions sterling. This is confirmed by the statistics of this same canal, which was originally cut to irrigate 40,000 acres of land. It now supplies 76,649 acres (an increase of 90 per cent), which yield a net revenue of not less than three lacs to the Government, while the whole cost of making the canal completely navigable was only 218,224 rupees. During the same period upwards of three hundred millions sterling have been spent on the railways of India without increasing the value of real property by one rupee an acre, the constant complaint of all trades being, on the contrary, that the railway freights absorb all profits.

A traveller by rail in India does not meet with a single new town of any size, while the old towns and villages are in the same state as they have been from time immemorial, and little or no activity is to be seen in them. Compare this result with that achieved in the Godaverry District, which formerly was constantly subject to famines and could not maintain a population of 100 to the square mile, whereas now it is not only relieved from all fear of famine, but has trebled its population and quadrupled its revenue. It is really time that the electorate of England should require the Secretary of State for India to show, if he can, that the three hundred millions spent on railways have yielded any results to compare with those obtained by an expenditure of less than one and a half millions on the Godaverry hydraulic works, and, furthermore, to state on what grounds Bellary and other districts of Madras, in which, although traversed by railways in every direction, the people have been perishing by famine and

pestilence during the last fifty years, should not at length be properly irrigated. It is no answer to quote, as is sometimes done, the failure of the Kurnool works carried out at the suggestion of Sir Arthur Cotton, for they have been executed on lines wholly at variance with his principles and with the original design. Instead of being made to command as much land as possible for irrigation, and being provided with a system of through navigation, the works have been carried down the lowest levels of the valley, and are therefore useless for irrigation, while the navigation ends abortively in a desert. Practically the money spent on these works might as well have been thrown into the sea; but that is simply because the engineers employed did not know their business. There is in Bellary abundant water in the Thungabadra River for irrigating at least a million acres of land, if the work were only allowed to be done. The wretched inhabitants are now paying a water rate of Rs. 7 an acre for such scanty means as they do possess of irrigating their black cotton soil, although this does not yield one-half the produce of the Delta soil, which pays 40 per cent. less to the Government for good river water, besides being provided with the cheapest means of conveyance to port and market. Would it not have been far cheaper, as well as more humane, to provide proper hydraulic works for Bellary than to let some twenty millions sterling disappear during the past fifty years in the way of ryots' capital and useless expenditure in railways and famine relief works which have left the people still as destitute and helpless as the people in the Godaverry District were in former years?

It may be taken for granted that no industry can thrive in India without a good and abundant water supply, and it is altogether indefensible to deny this boon, and to put a heavy tax on canal traffic where it exists, in order to carry out a system of railways which is not only beggaring the country, but leaves the people to die of thirst whenever the rains fail. At this moment, when the people of India are being accused of sedition and disaffection, it is right to bear in mind that they have been goaded to the verge of madness by constantly recurring famines, and under these circumstances fall easy dupes to the crafty demagogues of the native press. This state of things cannot be remedied by famine funds nor by wholesale bloodshed by British troops. Let England see that the real wants of the people are attended to, and they will become as loyal and industrious as any people in the world.

J. F. FISCHER.

AUTUMN BY THE SHORE.

IT is a refreshing thing to find, in these days of pitiless extermination, that many interesting forms of bird-life are still to be found along the southern shores of England, even within sixty miles of London. Undoubtedly the Wild Birds' Protection Act, which provides a close time for many of our rarer birds between the beginning of March and the end of July, has done much to re-establish and encourage shore birds, which had become scarce and suspicious from much persecution. The peregrine falcon still manages to retain a precarious foothold here and there upon the South Coast. Within a space of three or four miles along a certain part of the Sussex cliffs there are at least two eyries of this noble falcon at the present time. I myself saw one day this summer a peregrine wheeling and circling upon the air, with the marvellous ease and mastery which distinguish these raptorial birds. An attempt was not very long since made during the breeding season to capture the eggs from one of the nests of the Sussex peregrines. I am not sorry to add that the attempt was unsuccessful. The would-be egg-plunderer was let down by a rope from the summit of the cliff, but the eyrie was found to be situated in a place where the chalk-wall sheered inwards, and the nest was quite inaccessible. The peregrine has no great difficulty in procuring a food supply for itself and its family. It will readily attack gulls and jackdaws, of which there are plenty to be found along the cliffs. Pigeons, wildfowl, and occasional game birds are fair targets for its swift and unerring swoop, and upon occasion this falcon will even strike down and devour its more lowly cousin,

the kestrel. The extermination of the peregrine, the golden eagle, and many other of our fine raptorial birds may be said to date in these islands mainly from the time when great landowners began to discover the pecuniary value of sporting estates. And more especially in Scotland, when grouse moors began to command high rentals, was this war of extinction set on foot. Upon the estate of Glengarry, for instance, during the space of three years—1837-1840—immense numbers of birds and beasts of prey were trapped and shot. On this estate alone during the three years no less than 60 eagles (golden and fishing), 98 peregrines, 275 kites, 285 common buzzards, 371 rough-legged buzzards, 63 goshawks, 78 merlins, 83 hen-harriers, 462 kestrels, and 475 ravens were slain, besides a host of other furred and feathered marauders! It is small wonder, then, that our nobler birds of prey have become so scarce. Sporting estates formerly, no doubt, paid too heavy a tribute to birds and beasts of prey; but, on the other hand, the war of repression has been far too severe. The Sussex peregrines have frequented the same eyries for untold generations, and it is a real pleasure to know that, although sadly reduced from their ancient plenitude, they can still hold their own, though with difficulty.

A ramble by the shore in September or October is almost certain to reward the observant lover of wild bird life, even in Sussex, with a sight of some interesting forms. Just at that time many of those far wanderers which breed within the Arctic Circle, and make their way south during the freezing winters of the North, light upon our shores. Some few, such as the knot and purple sandpiper, remain with us altogether for the cold season. Those charming little Arctic birds, the grey phalaropes, still, I am glad to say, touch upon some parts of the Sussex coast for a brief visit in autumn, and may be noted by the observant eye. They belong to the great family of *Scolopacidae*, or snipes, but have some of the characteristics of the grebes. The toes are lobed and they are capital swimmers. The phalarope females are larger and more brightly coloured than the males, and appear in the breeding season to assume the principal share of the courting operations, even to the persecution of the at first quite indifferent male. During the winter they migrate as far south as India, Australia and the coast of South America—a distant pilgrimage truly!

We had reached the shingly ridge of a certain quiet stretch of Sussex shore-land on a fine clear September day. There was a fresh breeze from the west; the blue sky was chequered with light clouds, whose dark shadows cast fleeting yet lovely patches of violet and purple upon the sea before us. The tide was just going out and the band of brown sand gradually broadened, wet and gleaming at our feet, as the sea fell. We sat for a quarter of an hour until a little ridge of shingle and soft rock lay bare before us. As we expected, the plaintive whistle of some small shore birds fell presently upon our ears, and the flight, settling upon the further part of the ridge, began to feed. A certain youngster sitting at my side, fresh this season to the gun, was now burning to possess a specimen. I do not believe in the least in the indiscriminate slaying of shore birds, or indeed any other kind of feathered creature; but the shooting of a specimen now and again by a lad fond of natural history and anxious to skin and set up his own captures is pardonable enough; and so the boy picks up the breech-loader and walks stealthily towards the birds, now, from their protective colouring, well-nigh invisible upon the patch of shingle. The Schultze cartridge cracks, and a brace of birds reward the ardent collector. These happen to be a dunlin and a ringed plover, charming little shore birds, both familiar residents upon our coasts, and, I am glad to say, common enough upon this particular portion of the Sussex sands. The dunlin is, of course, one of the commonest of our sandpipers. The ringed plover is found as far south as the Cape of Good Hope. Another British bird which migrates to South Africa is the curlew sandpiper, which I have procured along the same stretch of Sussex shore-land this September. The curlew sandpiper, which undoubtedly nests somewhere within the Arctic Circle, enjoys, with its cousin the knot, the dis-

tinction of never yet having had its eggs discovered by naturalists. The late Mr. Seebold and other indefatigable collectors have hunted vigorously but unsuccessfully in the far North for the eggs of these and other migratory birds. Here, then, is a quest which appeals to the rising generation of discoverers in natural history.

But the sands are now showing wide and clear, and we resume our march. Flights of dunlin, ringed plovers, and little stints pass us occasionally. Little bands of the same birds are to be seen feeding greedily along the edge of the tide, running daintily about the wet sand, and getting up as we approach, to fly off with tender, plaintive little cries. We let them all go unscathed. The little stint, by the way, is another of the sandpipers which makes the astonishing migration from the Arctic Circle as far below the Equator as South Africa. I have seen them in Cape Colony, Griqualand West, and Bechuanaland, and they are common enough at times throughout the whole country. The flight of the stints, as their wide underparts flash to the sunlight, is, in the numerous bands in which they often move, very striking, when they all wheel and turn together.

Some way off along the sands are a couple of largish dark-looking birds, which at a first casual glance we take for crows. No crows are these, however, as, at our nearer approach, they take flight, and with outstretched necks mount high upon the air, and, far out of shot, wheel seawards. They are a couple of mallards, birds which I never remember before to have seen feeding thus in broad daylight upon these sands. They are very wild, and, having made a wide and lofty sweep over the sea, they presently turn inland towards some dykes and marsh-land in our area.

A broad and rather higher patch of sand away beyond is just now brilliantly flecked with scores of gulls, which presently rise noisily and pass us on their way to the cliffs in which they shelter. Some few are within shot, but they are suffered to pass untouched. One more bird, a turnstone, we sight before setting our faces homewards. The bird is digging vigorously at some object—probably a sunken shellfish—beneath the sand, and allows the youthful gunner to approach within forty paces. In the lad's eye this is a prize of value indeed; he is over-eager, and fires hurriedly, and I am not surprised to see the bird go off unhurt. The turnstone, is another of the wanderers from the North which touch our shores in spring and autumn, fare far southward for the winter, and well known on South African shores.

Not long before we quit the sands and strike inland, we note a single whitish bird, just upon the edge of the now rising tide. We approach nearer, and I see that it is a tern—sea-swallows they are more often called by the long-shore folks. But it is a tern with which I am not familiar. I take the gun. Perhaps I am wrong, but the flesh of the collector is weak, and it is a hard thing to let a new and apparently unknown bird go unidentified. At length the tern rises lightly upon those sharp and sweeping wings and wheels off. A single shot brings it down into the shallow surf, whence it is rapidly retrieved by the eager lad at my side. Here, then, is the rarest bird of the morning ramble, a young bird of the year of the black tern. The dark colouring assumed by these birds is only beginning to show upon the upper plumage, the breast is pure snow white. An interesting prize this, not commonly seen upon the Sussex shore. The black tern is not the least remarkable of this most elegant family of sea-birds, and belongs to the small group known as marsh terns. Formerly this bird bred freely in Britain, but is now better known as a spring and autumn visitant than a resident of these islands. Wrapping the prize carefully in a handkerchief for future dissection, we reluctantly quit the shore and its manifold delights, scramble across the shingle, and strike inland.

H. A. BRYDEN.

THE INSPECTION OF FACTORIES AND WORKSHOPS.

THERE is more than the usual interest in this year's Report of the Chief Inspector of Factories and Workshops, since it serves as a commentary on the

amended legislation of 1895, which came into force in January, 1896. The total number of inspectors, including women and assisting inspectors, amounts to a little over a hundred; the total number of factories and workshops under the Acts in the return for 1895—an ever-increasing number—was 144,000. These factories provide occupation for more than 4,000,000 men, women, and children, so that, be the inspectors never so vigilant, they cannot hope to deal with more than a fractional number of breaches of the law in any single year. We can only hope that the prosecution of one employer acts as a deterrent in the case of several others. In glancing down the carefully tabulated lists of prosecutions it is interesting to note the tenderness of the local magistrate for the employer. Wholesale breaches of the law are punished by the fine of a shilling, and the plea of ignorance is frequently accepted by the bench in extenuation of an offence. Obviously, the first duty of the man or woman who sets up a factory or workshop is to find out how to keep it in accordance with the existing law, and the excuse of ignorance is too manifestly absurd to receive countenance. Here and there it is refreshing to meet with a good round fine; but for the most part the fines are merely nominal. It must be exasperating and most disheartening to an inspector, after having run a complaint to earth with considerable difficulty and trouble, to have some ridiculous nominal penalty inflicted. Take, for example, the following—the prosecution of a baker's firm for failure to fence machinery. "The Sheriff stated that grave injury might have arisen through the wheel being unfenced, and, seeing that the firm had been visited *no less than five times this year regarding the matter*, he would inflict a penalty of 6d. for each visit, amounting altogether to the sum of 2s. 6d." That firm must have found it considerably cheaper to be prosecuted occasionally than to incur the expense of fencing their machinery. In the same way, in the case of illegal employment—employment before or after legal hours, or during meal hours—it pays an employer to disregard the law if the fine is to be 2s. 6d., 1s., or even 6d. for so doing. A very grave responsibility rests with the magistrates who put a premium on breaches of the law and hamper the work of the inspectors by inflicting nominal penalties of this kind.

The best comment on the good work done by the Women Inspectors lies in the fact that the number of complaints received by them is more than double that of the previous year. The workers are slow to gain confidence in the assurance that their complaints are regarded as entirely confidential, and not infrequently it has been impossible to deal with complaints, "because, in the desire to avoid all risk of detection, the complainant's mode of expression was too vague to enable any satisfactory investigation to be made." Of the 381 complaints that were dealt with, 142 related to illegal overtime or employment in meal hours. It is the experience of the Department with regard to the new section regulating overtime in its various forms, "that the reduction, whenever it is actually effected, produces immediate good results, and that any definition which makes a real reduction possible is most valuable." A typical instance is quoted of an ingenious method of evading the legal overtime limit of thirty nights in the year. The inspector visited a workshop and found women working overtime, although, according to the record kept in the room, all the legal overtime was exhausted. When this fact was pointed out to the manageress, she replied, "It is the forewoman's fault; she ought to have moved the employés from this room into one of the other rooms where the overtime is not all used up." Overtime had been already worked in this workshop on 102 occasions when visited by the Inspector. A more pernicious form of overtime is the practice of giving out home work after the legal day in the factory or workshop. Inspectors seem agreed as to the difficulty of detection. One of the lady inspectors considers that the practice "has hardly yet received any serious check through the prohibition in Section 16 of the Act of 1895." "A great many workers are extremely anxious that this overwork should be stopped, and appeals have been made to me on the subject; but, in the majority of cases, they are

afraid that they may be dismissed on the least suspicion that they are disclosing evidence." The whole of the law regulating out-work or home-work calls for greater stringency and courageous amendment. Overtime has been a special difficulty in laundries, now for the first time brought under the Acts. "The difficulty experienced by employers and workers in understanding the provisions relating to overtime is increased by the fact that it has been the custom of the trade to regard any time over 12 hours as overtime, . . . now they have to be taught that work till 9 or 10 or later is not overtime unless the weekly total exceeds 60 hours."

A worse evil from which the workers have most frequently to suffer is that of defective sanitation or ventilation. Great stress is laid upon these two points in the reports of the women inspectors, who seem to have found a special difficulty in enforcing remedial measures. The necessity for taking immediate action in these cases is indisputable, yet there are many complaints in the Report of delays and opposition. Why have not inspectors power to order structural alterations of this kind without reference to a dilatory local authority? "Our wish," writes one of the women inspectors, "is in these cases where some structural alteration is necessary to give ample time for preparation of plans, getting estimates for the work, &c.; but after that, when it is evident that the delay is simply caused by unwillingness to conform, then prosecution is most desirable, and has a good effect on many people besides the defendants." And: "A considerable portion of my time this year has been spent in revisiting places concerning which notices of sanitary defects had been sent by me to the local authority. . . . In a considerable proportion of cases I have had occasion to note an unwillingness to take action on the part of the local authority amounting almost to a passive resistance, even when the defects were obvious and freely acknowledged."

With so excellent a record of the work done by the women's department before us, there should be no hesitation on the part of the Government in conceding to them still further powers of action. It is, on the contrary, much to be feared that their status has been lowered, and the answers given by Sir Matthew White Ridley to questions asked in the House of Commons on this point were ambiguous and unsatisfactory. It was left doubtful, for instance, whether women inspectors were to have power to order structural alterations in the case of defective ventilation and the fencing of machinery. Again, if, as was feared, the power of determining upon prosecutions were to be taken from them, they would have to refer first to the Local Inspector, and then to the Chief Woman Inspector, who would have to refer to the Chief Inspector, entailing an inconceivable waste of time and trouble. It would be much to be regretted if any difficulties were to be cast in the way of the achievement of such important and admirable work.

MARION SHARPE GREW,
Women's Trade Union League.

THE NINTH SYMPHONY AT QUEEN'S HALL.

ON Saturday last Mr. Henry J. Wood gave us by far the most important piece of work he has yet undertaken. After wearying himself and at least one minute fraction of the audience with a lifeless though perhaps galvanised piece of Saint-Saëns he ventured on so tremendous an art-achievement as Beethoven's Ninth symphony. It was a bold thing for an English, and especially a young English, conductor to do; for without exception those of Mr. Wood's predecessors who have tried their 'prentice hands on the Ninth symphony have tried only to meet with failure, ignominious failure. And lest this sentence should convey ever so slightly wrong an impression it is my pleasing duty to say at once that Mr. Wood made no failure, but on the contrary a most refreshing and convincing success. In the earlier part of the programme, it is true, he made us all the more ready to acquiesce in the reality of his triumph by playing, as neither he nor any other conductor has played it before in this island, the quite hackneyed introduction of the third act of "Lohengrin." Mr. Wood has hitherto played this piece with immense energy, and in the middle part with sufficient tender-

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ness ; but he has always been guilty of the offence of tying down the brass so tightly to the beat that their splendidly joyous melody sounded, in Leigh Hunt's phrase about the bagpipes, like a tune tied to a post. Last Saturday however Mr. Wood let horns and trombones sing out as freely, broadly, as Mottl does when Mottl is at his best. He fearlessly let the pace drag a little occasionally, and the weight of brass compensate for the lack of go ; and in the gentler portions he, with equal fearlessness, was not afraid to hurry a little. The result was overwhelming in its sweetness and strength ; and after that one not only forgave the tedious Saint-Saëns piece, but fell into precisely the right mood, which could not be shaken by the tedious Saint-Saëns piece, to hearken to the gigantic Ninth. In this enormously difficult work Mr. Wood achieved not merely a success, as I have said, but by a very long way the greatest success an English conductor has ever had.

There is, on the whole, no more difficult work in the world to play than the Ninth symphony. Other achievements of the first rank are perhaps as difficult. "Tristan," The Matthew Passion of Bach, Mozart's Requiem—these are not things to be grappled with lightly. But in them we have at any rate exactly what the composer meant to say ; the expression exactly fits the matter to be expressed ; there is nothing attempted which the means at the composers' command did not enable them to say with ease. Beethoven was in a different, and a very difficult, position. He needed the Wagner, the modern, orchestra ; and it was not ready for him. The subtleties he wished to convey demanded all Mozart's facility of utterance ; and with this God had not gifted him. One consequence is that in places his orchestration seemed appalling even to Wagner, the intensest Beethoven lover who has lived ; another is that again and again he only half says what he has to say, that he smudges the canvas, so to speak, remarking that this is meant for a horse—an unheard-of kind of horse, of course—and if we cannot understand it we can leave it without troubling to do so. To interpret such a work, to understand it and devise a method of conveying what is understood to an average bourgeois audience, demands the very highest powers a conductor can possess ; and the reader will understand the full force of the compliment paid to Mr. Wood in my first paragraph. When a fitting conductor is at work, as he was last Saturday, he almost if not quite persuades one that the Ninth symphony is the greatest musical work extant. Perhaps it is—Bülow certainly thought so. Yet what a curiously compounded work ! It is pervaded with an acutely painful sense of an endeavour to say more than the medium will permit, with a sense of struggle. If (starting where we should end) one considers the whole scheme, how naïve, how childish, it seems. In the first movement we have life as Beethoven had known it and suffered it for years before the writing of the symphony, as he knew it and suffered from the time of the writing till his death, life bare, joyless, desolate, a ceaseless gnawing and a sorrow. In the second he gives us the energetic, bustling life, the life of the rustic with no thought save that of making the most—in the most limited sense—of the passing moment. In the third he gives us, as it was never given before save by Mozart, the life of sheer human affectation, the life of those who find life's satisfaction and fulness in living for those they love. That movement he interrupts with a discordant crash—he has awaked to the truth that none of these things satisfy him, Ludwig van Beethoven. He tries them all once more and in turn abruptly dismisses them. Then the orchestra in a quite casual manner hums a suggestion of the Joy theme—Beethoven shouts that he has got it, and forthwith he gives us the theme naked in its perfect loveliness. Not for the aches of life, nor for its rustic happiness, nor its deepest tenderness, will he live henceforth, but for its joy—for the serene and glad acceptance of all that life brings him, brings him who knows what life is. Having arrived at this point his artistic plan—a plan discussed somewhere in his letters, and really quite comical in its primitive absurdity—compelled him to go further. What he wanted was not the sound of instruments alone ; only the human voice could fitly sing the greatness of human joy ; so a

bass soloist is brought on to tell us that Beethoven will have no more of these dolorous tones—"let us sing something better, something more flowing." After that the Hymn to Joy is sung by solo voices and chorus ; and so with snatches of secular cantata music, of church, of Turkish music, and lastly with pure Beethoven music, the symphony ends. Now let no one think me foolish or irreverent enough to ridicule so magnificent a work of art. I desire only to point out how naïve, how very rustic, the plan is, and to point out that only for the sake of showing how stupendous was the power of the musician who so greatly filled so poor a form. For though after hearing the Ninth symphony one may smile at the form of it, while one listens to it no smiling is possible. When we take it movement by movement one realises that here is music so poignant, so pathetic, so terribly sincere, that, despite the ever-present sense of struggle, excepting the things I have mentioned there is no music in the world to compare with it. Indeed for an expression of the mood in which life seems barren, an endless gnawing, there is nothing to compare with the opening ; and the vision of happiness, held out again and again, and ever eluding us, is used to increase the dominant feeling with an artistic tact and ingenuity worthy of Mozart when Mozart is at his finest. The emotion of the Scherzo, though lighter, is communicated with equal vigour ; and considered merely as music I know nothing more wholly delightful or fresher than this movement, despite the instrumentation. The almost unendurable pathos of the Adagio, with those lapses into half-happy, half-mournful sentiment, the sentiment of one who thinks over the dead past, cannot be missed by the most obstinate. Most splendid of all is the finale. That melody, one of the half-dozen greatest ever penned, would be alone worth waiting for were the rest of the symphony as mean as it is fine ; and Beethoven has moreover thrown in for us the Turkish music, and that solemn passage where, as Sir George Grove says, the voices seem to go up among the very stars. In style and technical execution the Ninth symphony may not rank with the Fifth ; but in emotional power, and in architectural balance and splendour, it shows as one of the things for which life is worth the living ; and Beethoven himself must have felt that it was well worth having lived to create it. The pity is that in England we have so few conductors who can play it ; my congratulations to the one who can.

Lamoureux cannot be allowed to depart without a few words of thanks for his visit. Though I may have appeared to depreciate him as compared with mightier conductors—Mottl, for instance—yet I must admit him to be, within his limits, a perfect artist. His playing here will do much to raise the standard of orchestral execution ; and it is to be hoped that the full house on Wednesday will encourage Mr. Newman to invite him to cross the Channel again.

J. F. R.

A BREATH FROM THE SPANISH MAIN.

"A Man's Shadow." Adapted from the French play "Roger la Honte" by Robert Buchanan. Revival. Her Majesty's Theatre. 27 November, 1897.
 "Admiral Guinea." A play in four acts. By R. L. Stevenson and W. E. Henley. "Honesty: a Cottage Flower." In one act. By Margaret Young. The New Century Theatre. Avenue Theatre. 29 November, 1897.

IT is not in human nature to regard Her Majesty's Theatre as the proper place for such a police-court drama as "A Man's Shadow." Still, it is not a bad bit of work of its kind ; and it would be a good deal better if it were played as it ought to be with two actors instead of one in the parts of Lucien Laroque and Luversan. Of course Mr. Tree, following the precedent of "The Lyons Mail," doubles the twain. Equally of course, this expedient completely destroys the illusion, which requires that two different men should resemble one another so strongly as to be practically indistinguishable except on tolerably close scrutiny ; whilst Mr. Tree's reputation as a master of the art of disguising himself requires that he shall astonish the audience by the extravagant dissimilarity of the two figures he alternately presents. No human being could, under any conceivable circumstances, mis-

take his Laroque for his Luversan; and I have no doubt that Mr. Tree will take this as the highest compliment I could possibly pay him for this class of work. Nevertheless, I have no hesitation in saying that if the real difficulty—one compared to which mere disguise is child's play—were faced and vanquished, the interest of the play would be trebled. That difficulty, I need hardly explain, is the presentation to the spectators of a single figure which shall yet be known to them as the work of two distinct actors. As it is, instead of two men in one, we have one man in two, which makes the play incredible as well as impossible.

However, as I have said, the play serves its turn. The one act into which the doubling business enters for a moment only (a very disastrous moment, by the way) is thoroughly effective, and gives Mr. Tree an opportunity for a remarkable display of his peculiar talent as an imaginative actor. Indeed, he plays so well as the prisoner in the dock that all the applause goes to the bad playing of the advocate who saves himself from the unpleasantness of defending his friend at the expense of his wife's reputation by the trite expedient of dropping down dead. I dare say this will seem a wanton disparagement of a stage effect which was unquestionably highly successful, and to which Mr. Waller led up by such forcible and sincere acting that his going wrong at the last moment was all the more aggravating. But if to let the broken-hearted Raymond de Noirville suddenly change into Sergeant Buzfuz at the very climax of his anguish was to go wrong, then it seems to me that Mr. Lewis Waller certainly did go wrong. When he turned to the jury and apostrophized them as GENTLEMEN, in a roll of elocutionary thunder, Raymond de Noirville was done for; and it was really Lucien Laroque who held the scene together. The gallery responded promptly enough to Mr. Waller, as the jury always does respond to Sergeant Buzfuz; but I venture to hope that the very noisiness of the applause has by this time convinced him that he ought not to have provoked it.

By the way, since Mr. Tree is fortunate enough to have his band made so much of as it is by Mr. Raymond Roze, he would, I think, find it economical to lavish a few "extra gentlemen" (or ladies) on the orchestra, even if they had to be deducted from his stage crowd. Two or three additional strings would make all the difference in such works as Mendelssohn's "Ruy Blas" overture.

Considering the lustre of the blazing galaxy of intellect which has undertaken the administration of the New Century Theatre, I really think the matinées of that institution might be better tempered to the endurance of the public. It is true that one has the vindictive satisfaction of seeing the committee men sharing the fatigue of the subscribers, and striving to outface their righteous punishment with feeble grins at their own involuntary yawns. But this is not precisely the sort of fun the New Century Theatre promised us. I ask Mr. Archer, Mr. Massingham, Mr. Sutro, and Miss Robins, what the—I beg Miss Robins's pardon—what on earth they mean by putting on a long first piece in front of an important four-act play for no other purpose, apparently, than to damage the effect of that play, and overdrive a willing audience by keeping it in the theatre from half-past two until a quarter to six. If the first piece had been one of surpassing excellence, or in any way specially germane to the purposes of the New Century Theatre, I should still say that it had better have been reserved for another occasion. But as it only needed a little obvious trimming to be perfectly eligible for the evening bill at any of our ordinary commercial theatres, its inclusion must be condemned as the very wantonness of bad management, unless there was some munificent subscriber to be propitiated by it. Or was Miss Kate Rorke's appearance as the lodging-house slavey the attraction? If so, Miss Rorke and the committee have to share between them the responsibility of a stupendous error of judgment. Miss Rorke is congenitally incapable of reproducing in her own person any single touch, national or idiosyncratic, of Clorindar Ann. She can industriously pronounce face as fice, mile as mawl, and no as nah-oo; but she cannot do it in a London voice; nor is her imaginative, idealistic, fastidious sentiment

even distantly related to the businesslike passions of the cockney kitchen. Whatever parts she may have been miscast for before she won her proper place on the stage, she had better now refer applicants for that sort of work to Miss Louie Freear or Miss Cicely Richards. It would give me great pleasure to see Miss Rorke again as Helena in "A Midsummer Night's Dream"; but I think I had almost rather be boiled alive than go a second time to see "Honesty," which, on this occasion, was most decidedly not the best policy for the New Century Theatre.

Hardly anything gives a livelier sense of the deadness of the English stage in the eighties than the failure of Stevenson and Mr. Henley to effect a lodgment on it. To plead that they were no genuine dramatists is not to the point: pray what were some of the illiterate bunglers and ignoramuses whose work was preferred to theirs? Ask any playgoer whether he remembers any of the fashionable successes of that period as vividly as he remembers "Deacon Brodie"! If he says yes, you will find that he is either a simple liar, or else no true playgoer, but merely a critic, a fireman, a policeman, or some other functionary who has to be paid to induce him to enter a theatre. Far be it from me to pretend that Henley and Stevenson, in their Boy Buccaneer phase, took the stage seriously—unless it were the stage of pasteboard scenes and characters, and tin lamps and slides. But even that stage was in the eighties so much more artistic than the real stage—so much more sanctified by the childish fancies and dreams in which real dramatic art begins, that it was just by writing for it, and not for the West-end houses, that Henley and Stevenson contrived to get ahead of their time. "Admiral Guinea" is perhaps their most frankly boyish compound of piracy and pasteboard, coming occasionally very close to poetry and pasteboard, and written with prodigious literary virtuosity. Indeed, both of them had a literary power to which maturity could add nothing except prudence, which in this style is the mother of dullness. Their boyishness comes out in their barbarous humour, their revelling in blood and broadswords, crime, dark lanterns, and delirious supernatural terrors: above all, in their recklessly irreligious love of adventure for its own sake. We see it too in the unnatural drawing of the girl Arethusa, though the womanliness aimed at is not altogether ill divined in the abstract. The Admiral himself is rank pasteboard; but the cleverness with which he is cut out and coloured, and his unforgettable story of his last voyage and his wife's death, force us to overlook the impossibilities in his anatomy, and to pretend, for the heightening of our own enjoyment, that he not only moves on the authors' slides, and speaks with their voices, but lives. Pew is more convincing; for his qualities are those that a man might have; only, if a real man had them, he would end, not as a blind beggar, but as ruler of the Queen's Navee. This does not trouble the ordinary playgoer, who, simple creature! accepts Pew's villainy as a sufficient cause for his exceeding downness on his luck. Students of real life will not be so easily satisfied: they will see in him the tact, ability, force of character, and boldness which have been associated with abominable vices in many eminently successful men, but which no vicious tramp, however impudent, reckless, greedy and ferocious, ever had, or ever will have.

The juvenility of the piece is very apparent indeed in the contrast between the clumsy conduct of the action, and the positive inspiration of some of the stage effects. The blind robber, disturbed by the strangely tranquil footsteps of the sleepwalker, and believing himself to be hidden by the night until, groping his way to the door, he burns his hand in the candle and infers that he must be visible to the silent presence, is a masterstroke of stage effect; but it is not better in its way than the quieter point made when the Admiral opens his famous treasure chest and shows that it contains an old chain, an old ring, an old wedding dress, and nothing more. These triumphs are the fruit of the authors' genius. When we come to the product of their ordinary intelligence, our admiration changes to exasperation. Anything more ludicrously inept than the far-fetched of Kit French into the Admiral's house by Pew in the third act, will not soon

be seen again, even on the English stage. The fact is, Kit French should be cut out of the play altogether; for though it is hard to leave Arethusa without her Sweet Willyum, it is still harder to have a work of art which in all other respects hits its mark, reduced to absurdity by him. One burglary is enough; and three acts are enough. On reflection, I relent so far that I think that Kit might be allowed to live for the purpose of drawing out of Admiral Guinea and Arethusa their very fine scene at the beginning of the third act, and officiating as Pew's executioner; but the rest of his exploits, like the House of Lords, are useless, dangerous, and ought to be abolished.

The performance was a remarkably good one. The stage manager should not have so far neglected the ancient counsel to "jine his flats" as to leave a large gap in the roof of the Admiral's house; but there was nothing else to complain of. Mr. Sidney Valentine had a rare chance as Pew. He proved unable to bear the extraordinary strain put by the authors on his capacity for rum, and frankly stopped after the first gallon or two; but in no other respect was he found wanting. Mr. Mollison played the Admiral very carefully and methodically. The part was not seen by flashes of lightning; but none of it was lost. What man could do with the impossible Kit French Mr. Loraine did; and Miss Dolores Drummond was well within her means as the landlady of the Benbow Inn. The part of Arethusa, pretty as it is, is so romantically literary that Miss Cissie Loftus could show us nothing about herself in it except what we already know: namely, that she is like nobody else on the stage or off it, and that her vocation is beyond all doubt.

G. B. S.

MONEY MATTERS.

BUSINESS was almost at a standstill in nearly every department of the Stock Exchange. Consols were steady on cheaper money. Home Rails were inclined to drift owing to the engineering strike and fears of trouble with railway employés. Argentine descriptions were favourably affected by a declining gold premium. Better prospects in Cuba caused firmness in Spanish 4 per cents. Yankee railways merely followed the lead of New York. The shares of the English Sewing Cotton Company were dealt in at a premium of $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1, but Coats shares were correspondingly weak.

Westralian Mining Shares drooped on lower prices from Adelaide and lack of support, whilst, like all other departments of the Stock Exchange, the Kaffir Circus was very stupid. The tone was firm and the feeling in many ways confident. But we are in the midst of a long account at the termination of an idle year, so that there can be little hope of renewed activity in 1897. What 1898 may bring forth is entirely a lottery depending on political circumstances. One feature of the market was the final killing of all Rhodes' rumours. Mr. Rhodes is quite well, and certain cynics in the market go so far as to say that Charteredds are likely to continue an upward move as some of the big firms have bought all the shares they required and we are therefore unlikely to hear more of Mr. Rhodes' "dangerous condition." The only noteworthy move was a sharp rise in Ferreiras on Wednesday.

The position of Brazil continues to cause the greatest anxiety in English financial circles. The government steadily maintains its old policy of issuing paper to meet its obligations. The result is that the time seems to be approaching when the notes of the Brazilian government will be a drug in the market. As an example of the seriousness of the present state of affairs, the debt in 1889, when the revolution took place, has been contrasted with the debt at the present time. Eight years ago the gold debt was only 417,000,000 milreis, as compared with 606,575,000 milreis at the present time. Even more suggestive is the currency debt. In 1889 this amounted to little more than 500,000,000 milreis. It is now over 1,200,000,000 milreis. This latter means a rise of about 150 per cent. Of course in 1889 the milreis of currency was equal to the milreis of the gold debt, whereas now the latter is equal to four times the former.

We notice among the latest registrations of companies at Somerset House "Le Château d'Hardelot, Limited," with a capital of £55,000. We hardly know which to admire most, the impertinence of the venture or the unblushing vandalism of a promoter who would turn one of the most historic castles of Northern France into a Garten-Wirthschaft. We should like to point out to Mr. Whitley that tobacco and cigar manufacturing, which are among the numerous industries provided for in the articles of association, would be better left alone unless he wants to come into violent collision with the French Government, to whom his Kingdom of Mayville must at least be subject.

As the time approaches when investment history will enter on a new year, speculation is rife as to the most popular fields of British enterprise during the coming twelve months. Canada, of course, must be reckoned first on the list. British Columbia, and especially Yukon valley, are well forward. But other parts of British North America, for centuries undeveloped and, comparatively speaking, neglected, must soon demand the attention they deserve. Newfoundland has more than once been commented on in these columns. Her mineral resources are vast. In all parts of British North America there will be an astonishing amount of enterprise, whilst British capital is likely to be invested in that quarter to a very great extent. Tasmania is another country that will attract the attention of capitalists at home. Of foreign countries, Russia is by far the most interesting from the prospector's point of view. Her time is bound to come before long, and her resources will prove little less than romantic.

Although the report of the Peruvian Corporation for the year ended June 30th last shows a net profit, after deducting reduced debenture interest and charges, of £13,150 or £1500 more than last year, there are certain details in the accounts which make the results of the twelve months' business scarcely encouraging. The Railways show an unsatisfactory return. The receipts were high, but so also were the working expenses. The former worked out at 3,230,479 soles as compared with 3,027,760 soles for the previous year. The heavy expenses are accounted for by increased value of wages and fuel and exceptional renewals of permanent way. A more satisfactory item in the report than that referring to the Railways concerns the guano industry. The profits from that source was £57,196 against £48,648 for the preceding year. In other respects the revelations in the report are meagre and the entire document unsatisfactory.

NEW ISSUES, &c.

NEW DAIRY COMPANY.

We understand that the prospectus of the big dairy amalgamation to which we referred last week will make its appearance in the course of a few days. Twelve businesses in the west end of London are included in the scheme, all of which have shown good profits. The capital of the Company is to be £120,000.

VICTOR HUGO CARLSSON.

The inexplicable jugglery that continues to distinguish the financial arrangements of the British Farmers' Association proves that the mind of Mr. Victor Hugo Carlsson still dominates that institution. It seems only yesterday that the prospectus of the English Farmers' Association was published. The ostensible object was to take over the business of the old British Farmers' Association. But from the latest reports the British Farmers' Association apparently continues its career, the only sign of its brother Company being an ominous item in the balance-sheet. We understand that the Directors of the British Farmers' Association are applying for a quotation on the Stock Exchange, and that still another appeal is to be made to the public. A Stock Exchange quotation will make it easier for Mr. Carlsson and his co-Directors to unload their shares at a fair price on to the public. In order that the Stock Exchange authorities may be under no delusion as to the history of the enterprise on behalf of which the appeal is to be made, we lay bare a few facts regarding this venture of the enterprising Carlsson.

A few years ago Mr. Carlsson was somewhat well known in the London fruit market, especially in the neighbourhood of Thames Street. He traded under many names, and had an office in Leadenhall Street, together with a cellar in which a few potatoes were stored. His favourite plan was to insert mysterious paragraphs in the "Standard" and other journals, by which, under the name of Wilson, among other aliases, he strove to persuade purchasers to buy his potatoes. Bye-and-bye an ingenious idea occurred to this resourceful Scandinavian, and he promoted a company with the high-sounding title "The British Farmers' Association." To this company he sold his potato business for many thousands of pounds, although it was not worth even a few hundreds. The clever part of the scheme was the title, for it was this, and this alone, that enabled Mr. Carlsson to guide his scheme through stormy waters. The original list of shareholders of the British Farmers' Association showed a number of country people, a large proportion of whom were innocent old ladies with and without titles. These simple folk really imagined that they were aiding an enterprise charitably organized for the benefit of British farmers. How far this was really the case may be gathered from the fact that for months and years Mr. Carlsson's method was to buy direct from the Smithfield Market all goods ordered by his customers. Shortly after the original flotation of the Association was made, a fresh issue was announced, and Mr. Carlsson published a list of dukes, duchesses and members of Parliament whom he described as his patrons. How he justified the compiling of such a list it is impossible to say. But in justice to Mr. Carlsson it is fair to point out that if a provision merchant sends a pound of butter to a ducal kitchen, he may, by a stretch of imagination, describe the owner as "a patron." But despite the bluffing nature of the enterprise, the British Farmers' Association struggled along. Last year, however, considerable trouble arose. Mr. Sidney Isitt, of Messrs. Isitt and Co., Chartered Accountants, had audited the accounts of the Association from the commencement. There was, however, an item which they could not understand. They offered a certificate to Mr. Carlsson, with a saving clause, referring to this particular point. Nothing would induce Mr. Carlsson to explain the item in question. The funds of the Association seemed to have been "invested" in some strange manner, known to Mr. Carlsson, and Mr. Carlsson only. To this day there remains unanswered a very pertinent question on the point. It was "whether Mr. Carlsson had not an investment agency of his own in Broad Street, for which he was using the funds of the British Farmers' Association?" In other words, "was not Mr. Carlsson using the funds of the British Farmers' Association to gamble for his own gain?"

The result of the affair was that Messrs. Isitt & Company severed their connexion with Mr. Carlsson's Association. But the latter seems to have found in Messrs. Payne, Harper & Company a firm of accountants to take up what Messrs. Isitt had thrown aside. The shareholders agitated, and the result was one of the stormiest Company meetings ever held. Still the mysterious item in the balance-sheet remained unexplained. By lying low and keeping his Association quiet Mr. Carlsson has managed since then to evade public criticism. But in the meanwhile business does not seem to have prospered. The accounts for the fifteen months ended June 30th last show a loss of £1200. The expenses of the Association are so jumbled that shareholders are quite unable to discover whether part of this loss, or all of it, is due to what Mr. Carlsson and Mr. Bernard Soule have drawn out of the Association. Perhaps the most extraordinary item about the balance sheet is to be found among the assets. These include nearly £16,000 in the English Farmers' Association. Nor is this the only proof of the curious ingenuity with which the accounts have been juggled, to give the Association an appearance of respectable solvency. The fact of the matter is that the whole business is in a hopeless position, so hopeless that even Mr. Carlsson, arch-magician as he is, will have to face plain facts before very long. Our advice to the shareholders is that they appoint a

competent committee of inquiry, and have the Company wound up. The original flotation was arranged for the purpose of acquiring, at many thousands of pounds, the so-called business of Victor Hugo Carlsson, merchant. This business consisted of an office and a few potatoes in a cellar. Carlsson had been known to the trade under a variety of names. The whole affair was formed in a spirit of bounce; it has since existed on bluff, and must go the way of all businesses conceived and maintained on such lines.

VEJOS, LIMITED.

Vejos, Limited, is one of the quaintest enterprises ever offered to the public. If such a description is not too paradoxical, Vejos may be explained as a sort of vegetarian meat extract. The average Englishman will laugh at such a commodity in the market. This fact which the promoters and directors have evidently foreseen, for they are careful to explain that they look to the Jews and inhabitants of Hindustan, precluded by their religion from using meat extracts, as prospective consumers of this commodity. But we fear that the inhabitants of India, even should they desire Vejos, will require more than the average smart Birmingham traveller to persuade them that Vejos is absolutely vegetarian in composition. As for the Jews, the few faithful enough to their religious duties to eschew meat, are not of a class wealthy enough to indulge in luxuries like Vejos. Vejos, Limited is worthy of the quarter whence it emanates. It is the promotion of a Mr. Cronheim, one of the numerous gentlemen in London who have shown an adventurous disposition in financial enterprises. He it was who was chiefly interested in the Evening Stock Exchange, which flourished for a time in Northumberland Avenue and in the columns of certain journals. Like most bucket-shops of the same class, its end was sudden. It vanished and never re-appeared. Nothing daunted, Mr. Cronheim then turned his attention to the Mining boom, which was in full swing at the time, and aided by Messrs. Mallin and Sargeant, both fairly old hands at the promoting business, he brought out some of the wildest ventures that distinguished even those madcap days. Few of us can forget the So-all Sewing Machine, a warning to rash speculators in industrials. The capital of Vejos, Limited is £50,000 in £1 shares. Major-General Playfair, of theatre fame, is the chairman. As he belonged to the Indian Staff Corps once upon a time, we presume his name is intended to impress the prospective Hindoo consumer.

YORK PALACE OF VARIETIES.

The Royal York Palace of Varieties, Limited, has been formed with a capital of £35,000, divided into 15,000 cumulative 7 per cent. Preference shares of £1 each and 20,000 Ordinary shares of £1 each. In addition to this there are 35 First Mortgage Debentures of £500 each and 25 Second Debentures of £100 each, making in all £20,000 in debentures. Colonel Keyser, the vendor, is to receive £28,000 for two music halls in Southampton. Although a great deal of sanguine estimation as to the probable profits and dividends is indulged in, no mention is made in the prospectus as to the career of these halls in the past, or those which were run on the same sites. This is ominous, and the enterprise must in consequence be looked upon as very speculative. It is said that Messrs. Gale & Polden, as well as a certain noble lord, not unknown in Westralian mining circles, are behind the scenes in this music-hall enterprise.

MIDDLESBOROUGH MUSIC HALL.

The Empire Palace of Varieties, Middlesborough, Limited, is the promotion of Danes Discount Company, Limited. The enterprise is speculative, as the music hall will be a new one, but Middlesborough is a populous town and the capital is not swollen. The Chairman is Mr. J. L. Graydon, Director of the Palace Theatre, London, and the Alhambra, Brighton, and proprietor of the Middlesex, London. The capital of the Company is £35,000 in 12,000 six per cent. preference shares of £1 each, and 23,000 ordinary shares of £1 each. The purchase price has been fixed at £35,000, the property being freehold and subject to

mortgages of £18,000. This is a heavy sum to pay for the property, and is certainly the weak spot in the prospectus.

ADVICE TO INVESTORS.

MAPLE AND COMPANY (Thespian, Sydenham).—We have heard nothing of the rumours to which you refer. An appeal was made for further funds a few weeks ago, on which we commented at the time.

CHICAGO-GAIKA DEVELOPMENT COMPANY (H. R. B., Bath).—We agree that the history of Matabeleland so far is by no means encouraging. We criticised the prospectus in last week's issue, from which you will see that the reports are undated and somewhat unsatisfactory.

ARMY AND NAVY STORES (Staff Commander).—You will be foolish to sell.

D. H. EVANS AND COMPANY (Lawyer, Manchester).—We think you will do well to hold the preference shares. The price is moderate, and the yield is considerably over 4 per cent.

WEST AUSTRALIAN (GOLD DISTRICT) TRADING CORPORATION (E. B. W., Bayswater).—Your question is absurd. You can do nothing. The matter is in the hands of the Official Receiver.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. GEORGE WYNDHAM, M.P., ON SHAKESPEARE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

BIRMINGHAM.

SIR,—I read with interest the letter of Mr. George Wyndham, M.P., in your issue of 6 November, and would be grateful if you would kindly afford me this opportunity of reply. Mr. Wyndham says, after a careful scrutiny of my book, that "*the attempt to set Shakespeare in the atmosphere of Puritanism breaks down at all points.*"

This is a sweeping condemnation and one which needs a fairly competent acquaintance with Shakespearean documents to justify. Mr. Wyndham, no doubt, possesses this necessary acquaintance, although it is unfortunate that his letter does not reveal it. In the first place, let me say that the critic is welcome to all the points he can score on that paragraph which he describes as "a very onion of error," and which has in it the references to Falstaff. It is one of those absurd and palpable blunders which is easier made than explained, and which the erring author is usually the first to perceive on a perusal of the published volume. Mr. Wyndham may if he chooses use it to cast a general imputation of ignorance, but I am sure he will not allow it to influence his judgment on the general argument of the book. No one disputes the truth so clumsily stated, namely, that Shakespeare first introduced the character of Falstaff under the name of Oldcastle, and that subsequently he altered it to the name we know so well.

Coming to the main criticism Mr. Wyndham says, "Apart from small and doubtful points, Mr. Carter puts himself out of court on two broad issues," viz., Puritan hatred of armorial bearings and Puritan hatred of the Drama; but does he soberly mean to assert that the Elizabethan Puritans as a body refused to use their armorial bearings or that no Puritan wore coat-armour during the reign of Elizabeth? He might as well say that there are no Nonconformist soldiers at present serving Her Majesty, because the Quakers persistently decry armed force. And concerning the Elizabethan Puritan attitude towards the Drama, a subject which is continually seen through the haze of the Stuart degradation of the Stage, Mr. Wyndham must surely be aware that, while fanatical sectaries denounced the Drama and everything else except their own little Shibalborth, well-known Puritans contributed to our earliest dramatic literature, and took an active interest in dramatic representations. The restrictions placed upon the acting of plays came in the first instance from men who were the opposite of Puritans, and forbidding statutes were passed by Elizabeth, 14. 39. James 1. 3. and Charles. Oxford University in 1584 passed a statute "forbidding common plays on the very moral grounds on which the Puritans objected to them," and four years before that the theatres in London were closed by petition from the City, on the ground that "play-

houses and dicing-houses were traps for young gentlemen and others." Many bishops, who could not be called Puritan, protested against stage abuses. But to protest against abuse is not to condemn the rightful exercise, and while it is true that the Stuart Stage seemed to focus evil and weakness, the Elizabethan Drama had much in it to attract even the most thoughtful Puritan. But, after all, this is a question to be settled by an expert historian; in the meantime my chief concern is with questions of Shakespearean documents, and with what Mr. Wyndham calls "mangled" and "fragile" evidence. It is upon this ground that Mr. Wyndham no doubt feels himself at his strongest, for he enters his caveat against the acceptance of my ideas on three points which rest upon "mangled" and "fragile" evidence.

To recognise "mangled" evidence one is naturally supposed to know the true, and "fragile" is best understood when one knows what strength is; hence Mr. Wyndham, because he knows what true and strong evidence ought to be, enters his caveat against me.

Let me take Mr. Wyndham's points *seriatim*: "that John Shakespeare was a Recusant who absented himself from Church on religious grounds. Mr. Carter to prove this must disprove the plea of poverty accepted by Sir Thomas Lucy and all the Commissioners." To this I reply:

(a) That the Whelers, Shakespeares, Barnshurstes, and Barbers were well-known well-to-do men, and that when the Recusancy return was sent up they were in known possession of valuable real and personal estate.

(b) That no action or process of debt can be found against John Shakespeare at this period. Mr. Phillipps says "the alleged suspicion was a mere device."

(c) *The original presentment does not mention debt at all.* Mr. Wyndham surely knows that the Lucy Recusancy Certificate was made up from a former presentment. In the original presentment from which the Commissioners derived their information, and which is unfortunately without a date, the memorandum respecting the individuals is given in the following terms: "Wee suspect theese nyne persons next ensueing absent themselves for feare of processe."

Lucy interpreted this as "fear of process for debte"; but his informants simply wrote "fear of processe." (Hall. Phil. 6th edit. vol. ii. p. 246.)

The men who investigated the case do not mention "debte" at all, and Mr. Wyndham may easily see that in a time of persecution "fear of process" might cover a wide field, although a suspected Catholic or Puritan would be glad enough to avail himself of any excuse of debt, age, or infirmity to keep out of persecution.

Concerning the Snitterfield estate, Mr. Wyndham goes deeper into difficulties when he says, "Arden had left interests to seven other daughters besides John's wife Mary": for this is not according to fact.

In 1550 Arden made one settlement of a messuage and land to three daughters, Agnes, Jane, and Catherine, and another of a messuage, three quatrains of land, a meadow, a cottage, a garden and orchard to three other daughters, Margaret, Joyce, and Alice. *Elizabeth Scarlet and Mary Shakespeare do not benefit*, but in course of time John Shakespeare (with his wife) becomes the important man in connexion with the estate. He owned "a mortye, parte and partes, be yt more or lesse, of and in two messuages or tenements, with th'appurtenances sett, lyenge and beyng in Snitterfield," and he held the deeds of the estate and promised to deliver "before the feaste of Eastere next ensueing all and singular the charters, deedes, evydences, wrytings, and mynimentes before in these presentes bargained and sold."

In the book my argument is directed against the destitution theory which would make this transaction (which involved "a most insignificant sum") the effort of a hopelessly embarrassed man striving to extricate himself from a maze of financial difficulties, and I say that if a capable and astute business man, after waiting many years for this possession to fall into his hands, disposed of it for half the yearly rental he paid for fourteen acres, the act would be that of an "incapable" and not of a "poor" one, and might with greater justice have been made to buttress up a theory of insanity. Even if we grant, for the sake of argu-

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ment, that John Shakespeare only owned a sixth of the estate, the sum of four pounds was utterly insignificant as a price for it, and one which no poor man would take.

But Mr. Wyndham settles hopelessly overhead when he attempts to deal with the selling of the ecclesiastical vestments, which he calls my "principal piece of conviction," and says that my "corner-stone crumbles at a touch." Mr. Wyndham will pardon me if I doubt whether he knows the document in question at all, and when I say that he evidently relies absolutely upon the second volume of Halliwell-Phillipps's "Outlines;" for he goes to wreck upon one sentence "within a month," and this because of ignorance concerning the date of the document.

"Mr. Carter, as his principal piece of conviction, instances the election of Adrian Queney to the office of High Bailiff in Stratford, and of John Shakespeare to the office of chief Alderman, 5 September, 1571, and then asks, 'What do we find among the first official acts of Adrian Queney and John Shakespeare? Within a month of Quiney's election the following was passed: "Yt is agreed at this Hall by the Bailie, Aldermen, and capital burgesses herein assembled that Mr. Adrian Queney, now balye of the borouge above seid should sell the copes and vestements." But his corner-stone crumbles at a touch. The documents from which he quotes show (vide "Outlines" ii. 232) that John Shakespeare, although elected on 5 September, 1571, was nor 'for some unnoticed reason formally recognized in that office until some time between the 5th and the 10th of October; also, that he attended no meeting of the Corporation between the 5th September and the 10th October. If a presumption may be raised, which I doubt, from the circumstances of John Shakespeare's election and the sale of vestments in 1571, it would be that he disapproved of the proceeding."

Now in the Stratford Corporation men were nominated for office at one meeting, and elected and sworn in at the next. The meeting in September was the day for nominations, and after certain necessary formalities had been complied with, such as the prickings for Bailiff by the Earl of Warwick ("orderly elected and by the right honourable the Erle of Warwike pricked to be Bailiff") and the taking of the oath ("shall personally appear at the same place on Wednesday the 4th daye of October by ix. of the Cloke for the further taking of his othe upon the Holy Evangelist") the Bailiff entered upon his duties.

Sometimes men who were nominated were not finally appointed. Aldermen sometimes took the oath immediately, as John Shakespeare did as Chief Alderman on 5 September, 1571, and sometimes months afterwards, as John Shakespeare did when he was first made an Alderman. He was nominated 4 July, 1565, marked as Alderman, but did not take the oaths until 12 September, 1565. There was a kind of informal meeting of the Stratford Council on 5 October, 1571, at which John Sadler the retiring Bailiff, presided, "At a hall ther holden the Vth day of October (anno xij o regni Regine Elizabethae, etc. John Sadler, capituli ballivo, ac Radulpho Cawdre, capituli aldermanis)." The meeting was of little importance; the only matters considered related to the straying of cattle and the noise of certain troublesome geese. It is to this meaning Halliwell-Phillipps refers when he speaks of the "unnoticed reason" why John Shakespeare was not formally taking the place of Cawdrey.

The regular meetings of Council were on 24 January, 7 February, 2 May, 11 July, 5 September, 10 October, 24 October, 28 November, and on 10 October, 1571, according to the Council Book, and the worthy Chief Alderman was in his place with Adrian Queney and the rest of the Council.

Adrian Queney may have taken the oaths when John Shakespeare did, but if he acted according to custom, then 10 October would be the first day of his public appearance in the Bailiff's chair. But where does the selling of the vestments come in?

Led away by the phrase "within a month," and his want of knowledge of important documents, Mr. Wyndham assumes that the sale took place in Shakespeare's absence. *As a matter of absolute fact the document is dated 10 October, 1571, and runs as follows:—*

"Ad primum aulam Adriani Queny, ballivi burg ac Johannis Shakespere cap. aldermanni ejusdem burgi ibidem tent. decimo die Octobris, anno regni regine Elizabethae tertio decimo."

"Yt is agreed at thys hall, &c. &c., that Mr. Adrian Queny, now balye of the borouge above seid, should sell the copes and vestements here under wryten, &c." (Stratford Records, A. 39.)

This being so, what becomes of Mr. Wyndham's powerful criticism which crumbles what he calls the "corner-stone" at a touch? Would he have ventured to make his criticism at all if he had known that the document was dated the 10th of October, and therefore the very day on which he himself says John Shakespeare was present at the Council? Mr. Wyndham being ignorant of this vital point presumes that the matter was settled "within a month" of Queney's nomination, and sometime between 5 September and 10 October; instead of that, it was on the very first meeting at which Queney and Shakespeare were present as Bailiff and Chief Alderman; and therefore I may be pardoned if I take Mr. Wyndham's own reasoning and say that if absence meant disapproval, then "presence" meant approval. With all deference I venture to think that Mr. Wyndham has failed utterly to show reason why his caveat ought to be accepted; and until he presents a more cogent reasoning he will perhaps acquit me of "mangling" or distorting evidence, and allow me to continue to hold the opinion that at any rate the attempt to set John Shakespeare in the atmosphere of Puritanism has not broken down on any of the points he instances.—I am, Sir, yours sincerely,

THOMAS CARTER.

FLOGGING IN THE ARMY AND NAVY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The suggestions of a "Barrister" will hardly commend themselves to those who want to see the discipline of our navy maintained. Nothing could be worse for both officers and men than to have unseemly fights on the quarter-deck. I am supposing that the suggestion is made seriously. It is very probable that the officer "could defend himself," and that he could even punish the offender severely "with his fists." But the officer is taught to control his feelings, not to give way to passion. He is, of course, forbidden to strike a subordinate, and would be severely punished if he did so. The offender knows this, and it makes his offence all the more unpardonable.

Let "A Barrister" study the ideas of the men who know what war is before he writes and proposes to weaken that absolute essential discipline. Marmont in his excellent "Esprit des Institutions Militaires" says: "Military justice is not established in an absolute manner on principles of morality; it is based upon necessity. Unquestionably in the eyes of every thinking man, there is a great difference between the thief and the soldier who disobeys his chief and insults him in a moment of passion. However, the punishment of the soldier should be far severer. To avenge society it will be enough in most instances if the one is sent to the galleys, whereas the army is undone if the other is not sent to death; for from that moment every bond would be broken, and the military edifice, which is only based upon submission and respect, would be hopelessly overthrown. There is then an immense difference between military and civil justice. The former may seem barbarous, but is necessary." And Napoleon placed discipline as the first requisite of the soldier; courage only second.

The punishment of a French soldier with death for striking an officer shows that sterner discipline is maintained in foreign armies and navies than in our own, and is to the point. When the opposite was the case, when French discipline was relaxed and our own of iron, we beat the French at every point. Armies and navies are meant not to be philanthropic institutions, but to assure the safety of the state in war. The man who injures their efficiency is a public enemy. "Barrister" should know that there is no feeling amongst the seamen against the punishment of the mutinous. To compare birching with the old flogging betrays ridiculous ignorance.—I am, Sir, yours, &c.

H. W. WILSON.

REVIEWS.

THE AUTHORESS OF THE ODYSSEY.

"The Authoress of the *Odyssey*." By Samuel Butler. London: Longmans. 1897.

WHEN Mr. Samuel Butler was at school, he used to say that the "*Odyssey*" was the "*Iliad*''s wife, and that it was written by a clergyman. As he grew up, he became aware that the inestimable privileges of the Anglican Church were not vouchsafed to the ancient Greeks, and he sorrowfully abandoned this ingenious theory of authorship. But the earlier clause of his discovery, the splendid intuition that the "*Odyssey*" was in some sort the Female of the "*Iliad*," remained with him. We ourselves knew an elderly maiden lady who still believed, in advancing years, that the cat was the female of the dog. These impressions are sympathetic and sensitive, and it is vain to argue against them. In Mr. Butler's mind the idea of the "*Odyssey*" was irresistibly connected with petticoats. But the impression would doubtless have remained dormant had not Mr. Butler been invited to write "the libretto and much of the music" of a secular oratorio of "*Ulysses*." After having written this libretto, it occurred to the musician-poet that he had, as he says, "better after all see what the '*Odyssey*' said." In this excellent design, unable to find a readable prose translation (poor Messrs. Butcher and Lang!), he "was driven to the original," found the Greek easy, and lighted upon an epoch-making secret.

His first idea was a recurrence to the light that had flashed upon him in the schoolroom. He found so many mistakes in what the men were represented as doing that he thought that a blind chaplain might have written the poem. He noticed that the wind is made to whistle over waves, that a lamb is represented as able to live on two pulls a day from a ewe that has been already milked, that dry and well-seasoned timber is described as cut from a green tree, and that a hawk is made to tear its prey on the wing. Mr. Butler has evidently rather a low idea of the clergy; he thinks them unobservant. But there are lengths to which even a blind chaplain cannot go, and he was forced to take up a still stronger position. He found that although the "*Odyssey*" is generally wrong about men and games, it is always what he quaintly calls "exquisitely" right about women and needlework. Could a young woman be the author? He was striving to put this solution behind him, when he read in Book IX. of a ship that had a rudder at both ends. (The text is known to have a line interpolated here from another part of the poem, but Mr. Butler will accept none of this. The line is in the text, and it must stay where it is.) This absolutely settled it. Mr. Butler had once known a young woman who thought that a ship was steered from the bows; such a ship must, of course, have had another rudder at her stern. In a moment he was like the philosopher who skipped from his bath and rushed in ecstasy through the streets of Alexandria. He had solved the enigma. The "*Odyssey*" was written by a young lady!

The first thing to prove was that such female authorship was not impossible. Mr. Butler, therefore, dashed to what appears to be his only authority on the history of Greek poetry, Smith's "Dictionary of Classical Biography." Here the article, "Sappho," gave him exceeding great joy. He discovered that there were poetesses in ancient Greece; that, as a matter of fact, ladies in Hellas were more frequently addicted to literary exercises than chaplains, blind or the reverse. The author of the article spoke with bated breath of "Damophylia the Pamphylian and Erinna of *Telos*." We thought that it was Teos from which Erinna came, and we wonder that Mr. Butler has not given his personal attention to what is preserved of the life and works of Erinna, for she was actually compared with Homer by the ancients. "Then there was Baucis," continues Mr. Butler in his chatty way, "who wrote Erinna's epitaph." We are not acquainted with this epitaph, although we know the verses which Erinna is said to have composed for the tomb of Baucis—"Pluto, thou art a jealous god." Perhaps the ladies wrote one another's epitaphs? To Mr. Butler all things are pos-

sible. But he might have displayed a gayer erudition, and have proved that from Sappho, and earlier, down to Mæro of Byzantium, it was nothing strange for a Greek woman to write well in verse.

We are to believe, then, that the "*Odyssey*" was composed about the year 1000 B.C. by a young woman. But before we go further into this branch of the theory, we must dwell for a moment on the locality where the poem was written. Mr. Butler is convinced that the "*Odyssey*" is a purely Sicilian work, and that Ithaca and Scheria were both of them drawn from scenes in the immediate neighbourhood of the present town of Trapani. Moreover, he believes that the Ionian islands, as described in the poem, cannot have been described by a person who had any practical knowledge of that group, but might have been studied from the small rocky islets off Trapani. And, finally, he holds that the voyages of Ulysses practically resolve themselves into a voyage from Troy to the Gulf of Cabes in Africa, and thenceforward into a sail round Sicily, starting and finishing at Trapani. It is impossible for us to go into the reasons which lead Mr. Butler to these results; they depend upon Admiralty charts and photographs, and a host of geographical minutiae. That a certain ardent plausibility runs through the arguments we will not deny, but the tail appears to us to wag the dog. Mr. Butler has been to Trapani, has been struck by its fine position, and has easily persuaded himself that it was the abode of his Homeric poetess and the scene of her inspiration.

This portion of his book, however, has neither the literary value nor the lively interest of the chapters devoted to an analysis of the internal evidence in favour of a female authorship of the "*Odyssey*." These we have read with considerable amusement. Mr. Butler is struck, first of all, with the preponderance of female interest in the poem. He finds the women much better drawn than the men, and far more sympathetically; he is accordingly led into exceedingly bold theorising on the whole question of literary psychology. Eager to prepare the ground for his theories, he asserts that no man ("excepting, I suppose, Shakespeare") has ever succeeded in drawing "a full-length, life-sized, serious portrait" of a woman. He expects us to accept this axiom without demur, and then he will proceed to show us how excellent the portraits of women are in the "*Odyssey*." But no one in his senses will admit the proposition. What about the female characters of Sophocles and Euripides? The contention is preposterous, but it is a typical example of the way in which Mr. Butler, if he has persuaded himself that blue is green, fancies the rest of the world colour-blind if they do not agree with him.

This analysis of the female element in the "*Odyssey*" is amusing, but of course the critic's observations on this subject are not peculiar to himself. The sweetness of the poem has always been its most obvious characteristic. Mr. Butler's examination of the discrepancies in the conduct and the attributes of Penelope strikes us, however, as no less novel than acute, and we follow this part of his disquisition with great interest, although we cannot pretend to see what bearing it has on the question of authorship. A good deal of his argument is reduced to a sub-comic level, which is not a little out of keeping with the distinction and beauty of the theme. We read of a "lady-friend" of Mr. Butler's whose great desire is that she may meet Mrs. Elizabeth Lazenby in the next world. When the suitors are killed the first thought of the authoress is how to clean up the mess their blood has made on "the dining-room carpet." Telemachus is represented as saying, "Who steals my mother steals trash, but whoso filches from me my family heirlooms," &c. Eteoneus is "only a kind of char-butler; he did not sleep in the house, and for aught we know may have combined a shop round the corner with his position in Menelaus' household." It seems to us that Mr. Butler does himself a grave wrong by this levity, the object of which, of course, is to press his arguments home to our jaded intelligences.

In one of his rapid and insufficiently considered paragraphs, Mr. Butler very cursorily touches on Lucian. He is arguing that men always give the preponderance to men, and women to women; and of all the writers of antiquity, he finds Lucian the most ungallant of all, sinc

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in his "Dialogues of the Dead," he does not introduce a single woman. This is not absolutely correct, for in the nineteenth dialogue Helen is present, though she does not speak. But if Mr. Butler mentions Lucian at all he should say more than this. In the "Dialogues of the Gods," and in the "Sea Dialogues," female figures are as prominent as male ones. This is an instance of the careless eclecticism of the critic. But it is very odd that he should touch the "Dialogues of the Dead" for a moment, and not refer to them again, for they are full of parodies of the "Odyssey," and the answer of Tiresias, in the twenty-eighth dialogue, when asked whether he was happier as a man or as a woman, ought to have charmed the heart of Mr. Butler. As to our critic's contention that the authoress of the "Odyssey" was Nausicaa herself, we consider this so much beneath serious notice that, in Mr. Butler's own service, we refuse to give it discussion here.

We close this absurd, ingenious, candid and stimulating volume with a different feeling from that in which we took it up. We began it, believing it to be a mystification, a huge, preposterous joke; we lay it down with the conviction that Mr. Butler is in earnest. We wish that we could say that we think it a serious contribution to criticism, but that we cannot do. Mr. Butler has not given that evidence of sincere and profound scholarship which alone could justify a careful examination of his theory. Hence we do not anticipate a coalition of the rival schools of Jebb and Wilamowitz-Moellendorff to crush this common enemy. We suspect that we shall not hear that Professor Gilbert Murray has withdrawn his "History of Greek Literature" in order that he may re-write the Homeric chapters. But we do not disdain Mr. Butler's book. It is written with great vivacity, and if it takes a number of readers to the pure and beautiful text of the "Odyssey," and induces them to treat it, not as a dusty school-book, but as a living and sensitive portion of literature, its action will not all have been in vain. But Mr. Butler should really give a closer attention to the value of evidence.

A MEMOIR OF MISS CLOUGH.

"A Memoir of Anne Jemima Clough." By her Niece, Blanche Athena Clough. London: Arnold. 1897.

IT is impossible to imagine a happier choice than that which placed Miss Clough at the head of the first college for women founded within the precincts of the University of Cambridge. Her wonderful faculty for grasping the reality and neglecting the form; the genius of sympathy that enabled her not only to win all those that came near her, but also to enter into the feelings of her opponents, and so to avoid offending their susceptibilities as no calculating shrewdness could ever have done; above all, the unconscious deceptiveness with which she veiled, beneath a hesitating manner and an almost fussy kindliness of disposition, an indomitable patience and perseverance, and a mind keen to perceive the ultimate issues of any question—all these qualities fitted her in a peculiar degree to take the lead in an experiment that was, to a considerable extent, the outcome of her own aspirations and energy.

Miss B. A. Clough has set before us in this book a vivid and truthful portrait of a personality so lovable and so apparently inconsistent. She has had the advantage of numerous records of detail and of impressions from those associated with Miss Clough, both in Cambridge and elsewhere, and the task of selection must have been a difficult one; but there are very few quotations that do not bring out some trait of a character so fallible, and human, and feminine, that one can easily overlook its wonderful tact and insight.

The earlier chapters, though they would never have been written but for Miss Clough's later career, are by no means superfluous. Her early residence in Charlestown was not without influence on her peculiar sympathy for Americans in her later days; and her devotion to her brother the poet, always touched upon with reverence and reserve by his daughter, was clearly one of the controlling influences of her life. Her school experiences, both in Liverpool and at Ambleside, are most interesting; for they show in small things the same qualities that were afterwards to find a wider scope—the same personal sympathy for her pupils, the

same kindly interest in every detail of their home life and their future prospects. One maxim which she laid down at this time, "Never, if possible, lose sight of your scholars when they go from under your eye into the wide world," is among the chief sources of her wonderful influence at Newnham; and the individual affection and sympathy that she gave to her small circle at Ambleside was but repeated on a larger scale in her larger family at Newnham.

The invitation to Cambridge, which called her to the work with which her name will always be identified, did not come till late in life. She once said to a friend, who was impatient for happiness, "I had to wait for mine till I was fifty." During the years that had intervened after her school work in the North, she had lived mostly with her brother's widow and children, and devoted her energies to the schemes that were ultimately to lead to the foundation of a college for women in Cambridge. She was among the chief organizers of the North of England Council, to which she acted as secretary from its foundation. The influence of this body upon the education of the country, and especially upon women's education, was incalculable. First, it organized lectures in the northern towns; this led to University Extension; then it obtained the opening of the Cambridge Local examinations to girls, and the establishment of the Higher Local examination for women; then there was the establishment of a centre of lectures for women in Cambridge, and of a home for those attending the lectures, which ultimately developed into Newnham College. Some of these things have met with such universal acceptance and imitation that it is difficult for us to realize that each in its turn was regarded as a dangerous experiment, and met with bigoted opposition on one side, as well as with generous and enthusiastic help on the other. The unobtrusive and apparently inevitable growth of such institutions is but a testimony to the tact and moderation with which they were fostered, and the impersonation of this spirit seemed to be incarnate in Miss Clough herself. We must not, however, forget the credit due to Dr. Henry Sidgwick, whose appreciation of her character led him to place her in the position for which she was ideally qualified.

The story of Miss Clough's life from this time onward is intimately bound up with the history of Newnham College. This history is well told, from the days when a few students were settled in a house in Bateman Street, with Miss Clough at their head. First there is the change to the happier surroundings of Merton Hall, with its historical associations and picturesque garden. Then come the foundation of the Old Hall upon the present site, and its gradual expansion to the stately range of buildings that are shown in the picture of Newnham College, as it is now. Side by side with this development is traced the progress towards recognition by the University. First the students were allowed, merely by the courtesy of individual examiners, to take the same papers as were set to the candidates for various triposes, and were told informally how they had done. Then, in 1881, the famous concessions were made by the Senate, formally admitting female students to the Honours examinations of the University, and granting to each successful candidate a certificate setting forth the standard to which she has attained. Meanwhile the separate organization of lectures for women in Cambridge had been supplemented by the admission of women to university and college lectures, the colleges that took the lead in this matter being Christ's, Trinity, and King's.

Throughout this time of experiment and trial Miss Clough's character and tact were of inestimable value. "In looking back," she says, "it seems to me that one of the great things I have to be thankful for was that I was able to be very silent about what happened. Many difficulties were constantly arising about society matters and the conduct of the students, but I was for the most part silent, and did not either speak or write about these matters, and so they passed over." She lived up to her own principle, "Preach no sermons, give no precepts, but set before me a holy, beautiful example, and my heart will burn within me, and I shall surely long and strive to follow it." So she governed her family by example and sympathy and friendly hints, rather than by a discipline that might have stirred revolt, while

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wards the outside world she never failed in consideration. It is impossible to imagine any one more unlike the masterful and unfeminine type of woman who has always been the bugbear of the opponents of higher education. Perhaps to her first students she even seemed too fussy in her solicitude not to offend even unreasonable prejudices. But it was perhaps to this solicitude of hers, in a great degree, that the steady and uninterrupted progress in the recognition of women's studies by the University during her lifetime was due. It was due also in great measure to the principle which was peculiarly characteristic of Miss Clough and the college over which she presided; the principle of preferring the substance to the shadow, and of aiming at everything that made for the higher and better education of women. Her intellectual outlook was far too wide for her to value academic distinction for its own sake. She wished life at college to be open to as many students as possible, not only because she believed that such a life might add to the fulness and happiness of a woman's existence, but also because it might be softening and humanising in its effect. Some women of an earlier generation, she said, "were obliged to strive so earnestly for freedom that they lost the charm and grace that belongs to the best of women;" but it was her delight that this time was now past. She exhorted her Newnham students to "take the little pleasures of life; do not always be in a hurry; watch the sunsets and the clouds, and the misty lights over our great cities." Her zeal for education sprang from her belief in its value as a preparation for life, and for life at home no less than in the university or the school. She believed that college life would enable students "to bring joy and brightness into their families." "Make your homes happy; you have been long away, and your coming back will bring a new element." It is thoroughly in accord with this principle that she had very strong sympathy with parents, and believed in their taking a share in the education of their children, instead of leaving it to a professional class. The children of Newnham students, "the grandchildren of Newnham," as they are quaintly called, were always a source of great interest and delight to her. At the same time she never forgot the students who were scattered throughout the world, everywhere spreading her influence. She constantly corresponded with many of them, interesting herself in all the details of their family or their private circumstances, just as she had while they were still at college, and giving them a personal sympathy and affection that distance seemed only to increase.

In her youthful diary she wrote, "I have a lofty ambition; I sometimes fancy I shall do great things, but will it not all come to nothing? Yet I should like never to be forgotten, to do something great for my country which would make my name live for ever. But I am only a woman." It is interesting to compare this with one of the last letters she wrote to a friend of her youth, "I am getting old, as you know, for are we not both the same age? Still, I get about among my students and manage to see a good deal of them. They are scattered all over the world, some in America, some in India, Japan, South Africa, Australia, and letters come from those distant parts telling of their doings. Some are settled near me, married, and with children. So it seems as if the dreams of my youth were realised, and I feel as if the end were not far off, but I am glad to linger on and to watch over my girls and my work a little longer."

The beautiful portrait by Mr. Shannon, which is well reproduced, shows Miss Clough as the ideal Principal of Newnham, with all her kindness and an added grace and dignity that belonged perhaps more to her character than to her appearance; but it lacks something of her intellectual power. The photograph by Mrs. Myers which appears as the frontispiece is almost cruel in its realism, but shows some characteristics that are missed in the softer portrait.

PLATO'S LOGIC.

[PUBLISHED THIS WEEK.]

"The Origin and Growth of Plato's Logic." By Wincenty Lutoslawski. Longmans.

THIS is a stupendous work. He who has mastered it would be armed "Cap-à-pie" for Platonic

criticism. But to master it would call for months of study. Not that it is not excellently and clearly written, but because the author "winds himself into his subject" with such desperate energy, anticipating all sorts of objections which he then carefully weighs and refutes, and laying before the reader the views and many of the arguments of scores, nay, hundreds of critics, British and foreign. In doing so the author, who is a Pole, pays a very handsome tribute to the reticence and self-effacement characteristic of the English school. English scholars, he says, will hide away in an introduction or an Appendix to an edition of a single play most valuable comments on style and philosophy, which would have furnished forth a dozen "Programms," and which a German Professor would have expanded into many volumes. The Ueberwegs and Teichmüllers provided with all the riches of "both the Sicels and Jerusalem" are in his eyes "not more wealthy than an English yeoman." The English yeomen are the late Professor Thompson, afterwards Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Professor Lewis Campbell, formerly of St. Andrews. To the latter, whose introduction to the "Sophistes" and "Politicus" he regards as an invaluable contribution to Platonic criticism, he dedicates his work with expressions of the highest admiration and esteem.

The aim of Dr. Lutoslawski is to explain the origin of Logic by a psychological study of the first logician. But first comes the question, Was Plato the first logician? Old-fashioned historians used to begin the history of every science with the Creation, and ascribed logic to Adam and Prometheus, the latter hypothesis being probably based on the misinterpretation of a passage in the "Philebus" (16c), where Plato speaks of "some Prometheus" who might have brought the light of reason from Heaven. The claim of Plato to wrest from Aristotle the name of the father of logicians has been stoutly contested, and indeed it has often been based on a very insecure foundation. The fact that Plato uses syllogisms is no more evidence of an acquaintance with the doctrine of the syllogism than the throwing of a stone is evidence of the knowledge of mechanics; and the consciousness of the invalidity of the total C or universal conversion of A is more a sign of logical practice than of logical theory. Synthetic *à priori* propositions were used every day before the time of Kant, but the distinctive character of this class of propositions was unrecognised until it was formulated by the sage of Königsberg. Tenneman gave the first impartial exposition of the logic of Plato, but he could not face the problem of its evolution without first facing that of Platonic chronology. The two questions were first treated together by Susemihl, but the chronology was inadequately handled.

As the evolution of the logic is wholly dependent on the right settling of the order of the dialogues, Dr. Lutoslawski at once attacks the chronological question. To solve this he has recourse to the minutest considerations of style, by virtue of which he is able to bring together some dialogues and to separate others. He formulates the principles on which a new science of Stylometry should be based, and applies those principles to five hundred peculiarities of Plato's style observed in fifty-eight thousand cases and collected in the course of fifty years by some twenty authors working independently. Thus we are confronted with a mass of erudition which really makes us gasp, a vast array of writers on Plato in all countries, and an infinite variety of judgments concerning Plato, including even that of one Carl Schmelzer, who thought that all Plato's political theories were elaborate ("comprehensive") jokes and were never intended to be taken seriously. Thus, too, the question of chronology, though really only subsidiary, expands until it occupies nearly half the book, including a review of forty-five publications on the style of Plato. The author strongly desires a new and complete "Lexicon Platonicum;" but as the mere cost of reprinting Ast's Lexicon is estimated at £700, and as the thorough revision of it—for it is quite incomplete—would cost at least as much more, such a work is not likely to be undertaken even by a syndicate of scholars at their own expense. He comes to the conclusion of Ueberweg and Teichmüller that the dialectic dialogues (the "Sophist," "Politicus," and "Phile-

bus") are not the work of the years immediately succeeding the death of Socrates—the so-called Megaric period—but much later—latest of all, indeed, except the "Timaeus," "Critias," and "Laws." The tradition of Plato's flight to Megara he treats as a myth, and points out that it has no historical foundation. These views had been, as we have said, already enunciated by Ueberweg and Teichmüller; but as some critics, for instance Zeller and Heinze, still place the dialectic dialogues in the Megaric period, he finds it necessary to fortify his view by the application of the stylometric test.

To state his results broadly, Dr. Lutoslawski discerns in the logic of Plato various successive stages. These are, (1) the Socratic stage, including the writings from the "Apology" to the "Gorgias"; (2) the stage in which the Theory of Ideas emerges, comprising the "Cratylus," "Symposium," and "Phædo"; (3) middle Platonism, or the application of philosophy to politics and education in the "Republic" and "Phædrus"; (4) the reform of Plato's logic in the "Theætetus" and "Parmenides"; (5) the new theory of science in the dialectic dialogues, the "Sophist," "Politicus," and "Philebus"; and (6) the latest development of Platonic thought in the "Timaeus," "Critias," and "Laws."

In the Socratic stage ethical inquiry predominates, a logical standard of truth is not yet necessarily demanded. There is in the "Charmides" even a logical blunder, when Socrates infers from the beauty of both temperance and quickness that quickness is temperate (159D). Yet in the same dialogue (160E) we have a formal syllogism in Cesare introduced by the word συλλογισμένος. The syllogism is αἰδώς οὐκ ἄγαθόν . . . σωφροσύνη ἄγαθόν . . . οὐκ ἄρα εἴη σωφροσύνη αἰδώς. The first definite start in logic is made in the "Meno," yet it is by induction and experience, not by logical necessity, that Plato proves the pre-existence of the soul. It is in the "Cratylus," in the second group, where the question of the relation of thought to language is debated, that we have the first strictly logical dialogue. But logic first asserts its real importance in the "Symposium." It is here that we first come on the germ of the Platonic theory of ideas in the idea of Beauty. This idea is certainly not immanent in, but separated from, concrete things, and at once settles the question about the separate existence of the Platonic ideas. All beautiful things owe their beauty to the idea of Beauty. The intuition of this idea is Platonic Love. This new and powerful force of Love, which leads to the highest knowledge of truth, is allowed to be difficult to fully apprehend. It is poetically put into the mouth of a woman, Diotima; phrases like "I will do my best to explain," and "try to follow me," abound in the exposition of it. Dr. Lutoslawski thus explains the rise of the idea, which was the basis of Plato's Idealism:—

"What Plato says about his discovery amounts to this. If one grows accustomed to generalisations and to the progress from particular to general notions, then at a certain moment of his life he will become suddenly (εξαιφνητικά) aware of the existence of the general idea as something which does not depend upon particulars, but is the true origin of all particular qualities. This sudden vision, here pictured with the natural delight of a first discovery, is the aim of all intellectual development, a marvellous beauty leading to every kind of virtue and to the immortality of man. . . . He recommends his readers to acquire by exercise in generalisation this faculty of intellectual intuition, which is the highest knowledge. . . . The subject disappears as compared with the object, which becomes the only true reality."

The "Phædo" is chiefly important as the first attempt to sustain the theory of ideas by logical argument. It is the formal transition from Socratic notions to Platonic ideas. Heaven is about the "Symposium" and the "Phædo," nor in the "Republic" and the "Phædrus" does it fade into the light of common day. The conception of δύναμις in the "Phædrus" is regarded by Dr. Lutoslawski as forming the starting point of the logical reform instituted in the "Theætetus" and "Parmenides." In these essentially critical dialogues the existence of ideas outside conscious souls is completely abandoned. The severe criticism in the

"Parmenides" of the conception of substantial ideas may suggest a doubt whether it had ever been maintained by Plato in so crude a form as that in which it is presented by his interpreters. The chief aim of the dialectic dialogues is the classification of notions, and this aim is maintained in the latest group. Platonism is no longer a system of ideas, but a system of souls from the lowest soul of a plant through the souls of stars, which are gods, to the ruling soul of the universe. This conclusion of latest Platonism is Plato's greatest discovery, and it has been overlooked by many students of Plato, and first of all by Aristotle. Dr. Lutoslawski sees in it clear anticipations of the most important theories of modern philosophy. He declares that nobody among Plato's successors can claim to be his peer, and ascribes his primacy to the happy conditions which surrounded him. Wealthy, of noble ancestry, breathing an atmosphere instinct with poetry and art "he did not live in isolation, like Descartes or Spinoza, nor in a whirl of worldly interests like Leibnitz, nor in humiliating dependence on an absolute government like Kant or Hegel." "What limits," he asks "can be set to the intellectual progress of such a philosopher?" Life not literature is the aim of Plato. He prefers oral teaching to writing in the "Phædrus," and thirty years afterwards in the "Laws" his opinion is still the same. Hence he did not care to write all he knew, or to make his dialogues handbooks of science. Hence, too, much of our knowledge of Plato is the product of inferences. The work before us is an attempt—and a very successful attempt—in the words of its author "to know Plato better than he knew himself."

THE FEDERAL DEFENCE OF AUSTRALIA.

"The Federal Defence of Australia." By George Cathcart Craig. London: Clowes. 1897.

MR. CRAIG'S name is familiar to students of Imperial defence questions as that of a writer on naval and military matters from the Indian and Australasian standpoint. Mr. Craig has an excellent opinion of the British race, and of himself as a specimen of that race. He gives, in the course of his book, portraits of men like Lord Roberts, Lord Wolseley, Lord Brassey, and Sir Henry Norman, and quite innocently makes a frontispiece of his own. This little evidence of modesty is supported by a plentiful peppering of the text with the first person singular. There is a fine old crusty patriotism about Mr. Craig. He is not content to show his loyalty by strenuous advocacy of preparations to defend the heritage of Empire; he culls a choice variety of exhortations, from all sorts and conditions of writers, urging England to be true to herself. And to these he appends, on his own account, an injunction to Australasia to stand firm in the cause of Queen and Empire. Imperial defence, he iterates and reiterates, is a mutual obligation. In the event of war, he says, Australasia—by which we hope he means Australasia—will contribute her just share of the cost, and assume her proportion of the responsibility, of defence. This, he urges, is not only a duty: it is a matter of self-interest. Separation is not even to be thought of, and the dream of cutting Australia adrift from England, we are assured, exists, if it exists at all, only among trade unionists, "fraternal humbugs," and "little Australians." Mr. Craig aims at converting the existing naval and military forces of Australasia into "one grand, true, solid, and permanent organization of Federal Defence suitable to the safety of the commonwealth, the requirements of the people, the rapid expansion of Colonial progress and civilisation in the Southern Hemisphere, blended with the commerce and prosperity of Imperial Empire." "Imperial Empire," by the way, is a not unfair specimen of the inflated style in which this volume is written. The true principles of Australasian defence have long since been determined, and it is now fully understood that the ultimate security of the Colonies in the South Pacific depends on the efficiency of the Imperial fleet elsewhere than in Colonial waters. Australia needs (1) a small, highly trained, mobile, permanent army—Mr. Craig puts it at 5500—which should be available for service at any spot on the island-continent where danger threatens or "invader presumes"; (2) a fleet capable

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either of combating a hostile squadron which may appear on her shores, or of co-operating with the Imperial fleets beyond Australian waters. Mr. Craig ruthlessly exposes existing weaknesses and defects in both directions. Australasia boasts some magnificent fighting material, which Mr. Craig—who, after all, only drives home the lessons propounded again and again by experts like the late Sir William Jervois and Sir Bevan Edwards—is anxious to see utilised to the full. The 5500 men of the permanent force might, he says, be augmented in time of war by 100,000 men raised by conscription. He advocates the formation of an Australasian federal fleet, to be composed of some 3500 officers and men, who shall be placed in charge of "a sea-going torpedo flotilla, to suit the requirements of harbour and naval brigade defence." A Royal Naval Reserve should also be established at Garden Island, Brisbane, and Melbourne. These items, we take it, would be auxiliary to the existing Australian squadron. Some of his criticism on the naval policy adopted by the glorified vestrymen who have at times secured control of the political machine in the Colonies is vigorous and well deserved. Mr. Craig agrees with Sir Charles Dilke that the proper time to prepare for war is peace. That is true for every country. If war should unhappily come—and the ambitions of "international human nature" make him apprehensive that it must come sooner or later—he would have Englishman, Australian, Canadian and Indian ready to fight together at an hour's notice. Hitherto, he points out, when the clouds have gathered, Australia has been the least prepared for the crisis. On more than one occasion she has been almost scared into federation for purposes of defence, if not for other reasons, but with the disappearance of the immediate danger, local apathy and parochial jealousies have invariably supervened, and little or nothing has been done. Both the need and the means to meet it are exhaustively reviewed by Mr. Craig. His book appeals primarily to Australasia, but is not without interest to other parts of the Empire, and the pretentious and rhetorical character of two-thirds of its pages should not blind us to its value.

THE INDIAN MUTINY.

"Richard Baird Smith." By Colonel H. M. Vibart, R.E. London: Constable. 1897.

THE principal object of this work is to present a clear statement of the part taken by Colonel Baird Smith in the events attendant on the Indian Mutiny, but no apology seems needed for dealing at some little length with a narrative which refers mainly to the siege of Delhi, in June to September, 1857; for the men who then fought so gallantly left, as their legacy to the British Army at large, splendid object-lessons which even under the altered conditions of warfare in the present day are of inestimable value to the soldiers of the Imperial race. It should also be always remembered, in special regard to the military operations before Delhi, that the native army in rebellion was largely drawn from the districts in its immediate neighbourhood, and that the Mutiny centred round the debased survivors of the Moghul dynasty whom English policy had, with inexcusable blindness, allowed to retain a miserable pretence of sovereignty in the ancient capital.

Colonel Baird Smith was stationed at Roorkee when the Mutiny broke out at Meerut, a distance of some sixty miles. With the greatest vigour and promptitude he succeeded in quelling the attempts to revolt at Roorkee until, in the end of June, he was ordered to take up the chief command of the Engineer brigade in the camp before Delhi. At the end of the preceding May, General Anson, the Commander-in-Chief, had been carried off by cholera, and within a week of Baird Smith's arrival at Delhi Sir Henry Barnard, who had succeeded to the command, also fell a victim to that merciless foe. General Reed, the next in succession, was incapacitated by severe illness, and so it happened that Brigadier Archdale Wilson assumed the command.

From the public documents and private correspondence now collated by Colonel Vibart it is conclusively shown that General Wilson strongly favoured the policy of withdrawing from his position before Delhi, to return later with reinforcements and lay effective siege to the King's city. Against such a step Colonel Baird Smith

at once strenuously remonstrated, and it was owing to his persistent opposition that this ruinous policy was abandoned, and that it was determined to deliver an assault as soon as an efficient addition to the siege-guns could be ordered down from Ferozopore. It should be mentioned here that Colonel Baird Smith had, as Engineer, been personally familiar with the localities about Delhi for fully sixteen years. On the 7th of August General Nicholson reached Delhi, and found General Wilson still in doubt as to the sufficiency of his force for offensive operations. Strongly supported, however, by the gallant Nicholson, Baird Smith persisted in his intrepid advice, and at a final council of war, on the 23rd of August, it was determined to deliver the assault with the least possible delay. On the 4th of September the siege-guns from Ferozopore were brought into camp, and on the 7th the British force, numbering at the outside some 5500, advanced in attack on a strongly fortified citadel, garrisoned by 20,000 regulars and 10,000 irregulars, all fully armed and well provided with ammunition and supplies. By the 20th of September the capture of the defensive works of Delhi was complete, the Palace was occupied, and the British standard hoisted.

Every day of this eventful fortnight was marked by heroic deeds of bravery and self-sacrifice, and such splendid gallantry as was shown by Home, Salkeld and Greathead, Butler, Nicholson and Chamberlain, and many another brilliant soldier, will never be forgotten; but in placing before the public his simple account of the siege of Delhi Colonel Vibart has done but bare justice to the noble part taken by Baird Smith in the events which, more than any other incidents of the Indian Mutiny, determined the fate of our Eastern Empire.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

"Authors and Publishers. A Manual of Suggestions for Beginners in Literature." By G. H. P. and J. B. P. Seventh Edition, re-written with additional material. London and New York: Putnam's Sons. 1897.

THAT the relations between authors and publishers are not, as a rule, so amicable as they ought to be, and that the reason for this is mutual misunderstanding, are facts which no one, either before or behind the scenes, is likely to dispute. There is much to be said on both sides; publishers complain of the unreasonable vanity of authors, and authors complain of the unreasonable avarice of publishers; but there is undoubtedly more justice in the first contention than in the second. This, at least, is certain, that those who are loudest in their diatribes against publishers, are those who are least successful in gaining the ear of the public—in other words, the popular failures; while, on the other hand, it is not common for a really successful author to be found in the ranks of the malcontents. That good literature often gains more from the books which pay no one concerned in their production than from books which float on the full tide of vogue and celebrity, may be conceded; but, as a general rule, Pitt's maxim, that literature should support itself, may be applied to authors. If the public wants an author, that author will have little reason to quarrel with his publishers. The days of Campbell's toast to Napoleon are passed. We believe in publishers, and we do not believe in societies of authors, which are mere nurseries for lame ducks. Why should the public be deluged with books which they do not want? Why should a premium be placed on superfluities? Vanity is a luxury which deserves to be taxed, and taxed heavily. Publishers do not get half enough credit given them for their generosity and public spirit, even allowing for the fact that such honourable distinctions are, in the long run, profitable investments. It would not be too much to say that no really valuable work, however certain the loss which its publication would entail, could now be lost to the world merely because it could not find a publisher willing to incur the expense of its production.

From these remarks it will be seen that we are not altogether in sympathy with the object of the book before us, an object indicated in its motto, a parody from the "Pervigilium Veneris":

"Cras scribet qui nunquam scripsit
Quicque scripsit cras scribet."

a couplet which may be turned—

"Let those write now who never wrote before,
And those who always wrote now write the more."

However, about its practical usefulness there can be no question. It undertakes "to present, in convenient form for reference, information concerning the several methods of publishing arrangements, the various matters to be considered, after the publishing arrangement has been completed, in putting the book through the press, and the measures adopted after the book has been put into print, in finding sale or in trying to find sale for it."

Messrs. Putnam begin with a very clear statement of the case between authors and publishers, from the time of the Romans to the present time. Martial was, no doubt, a persistent grumbler, but it would be interesting to know where "Horace complains that his publishers the *Socii* took to themselves the gold produced by his writings, leaving 'for the author's reward only fame in distant lands and with posterity.'" Certainly there is no such passage to be found in the extant writings of Horace. Little fictions like these, no doubt, give a learned air to a book, but, on the whole, we think Messrs. Putnam would do well to abstain from them. When credit is shaken in trifles it is likely to suffer in more important matters. The book is one of great interest, and goes into almost every point which can be of concern to an author in the production of a work, from the commencement of his MS. to the circulation of the completed book. He is even instructed in the technicalities of type and binding, and the art of correcting proofs. The chapters on negotiation with publishers and on the copyright question are particularly valuable, and the whole of the second part, on "The Making of Books," will not be of interest to authors only, but to general readers. We are, as we said before, no believers in Messrs. Putnam's millennium—the indefinite multiplication of "the race that write"—but we have read their beautifully printed volume with real pleasure, and cordially recommend it to all whom books concern.

AN ALMANAC OF TWELVE SPORTS.

[PUBLISHED THIS WEEK.]

"An Almanac of Twelve Sports." By William Nicholson, words by Rudyard Kipling. London: Heinemann. 1898.

BY consenting to play second-fiddle in public to another man's performance, Mr. Kipling has given an emphatic and generous testimonial to Mr. Nicholson's artistic merit. The latter deserves all the compliment and prestige which the act confers. Of his twelve drawings, all are crafty, and ten at least are masterly. From a technical point of view his problem has been to find how much form can be expressed in solid black mass, and how much atmosphere and life added in a few flat washes of tint and red notes of exclamation. As a result we get great economy and great expression combined in real fineness of decorative effect.

Mr. Nicholson's work goes to prove that fine realism is not opposed to the decorative element which adds so much charm to the illustration of a page and helps to relate the artist with his medium. It shows also that real originality is not ashamed to declare its ancestry. In his methods we can trace a preoccupation with certain caricaturists of the early part of the century: added to this is a touch of Japanese influence. The blend is as cleverly harmonised as are the subdued colour-schemes. Here, where of necessity one tint has to say so much, the artist is peculiarly adept in his selection of the very semi-tone to be used, in his employment of it to the very verge of its capabilities: thus, in his "December" drawing, the wintry aspect of sky and ground and frozen water is admirably summed up. Not less noteworthy for its true epitome of local colour is his picture of golfing upon a north-coast sand link. An impossible and unrelated blue cloud behind the heads of some cricketers in the subject for "June," is the only bit of missed tone which the book presents for fault-finding.

Other drawings which deserve special praise are the "Prize Fight," with its negro magnificently modelled

out of two tones; the "Coaching," with its reduction of intricate form to beauty and simplicity of mass; the "July" "Archery," with its praise of crinolines; and the "May" "Fisherwoman," a figure with all the beauty and soft drab sentiment of a Morland water-colour. But, indeed, since so many more than half of the drawings have reached an absolute standard of success, to particularise is an embarrassing task. Mr. Nicholson has acquired a notable possession of the limitations of his craft; an artist who has got so good a hold of things at their right end could afford to play pranks; his style would give worth to even a certain frivolity of performance.

In the accompanying verses, Mr. Kipling is himself, though not at his best; but it is clear that here he has been quite content to remain in the background.

SOME OLD-WORLD STORIES.

[PUBLISHED THIS WEEK.]

"A Mediæval Garland." By Madame James Darmesteter. Translated into English by May Tomlinson. London: Lawrence. 1897.

These old-world stories, telling for the most part of unhappy lovers, are pretty and pathetic and slight. The incidents in many of them are tragic and passionate enough; but the notes of tragedy and passion need a stronger, finer touch than Madame Darmesteter's, and under her fingers they ring thin. The stories were prettily suited to an Englishwoman's experiment in writing French; but this English version of them leaves such an impression on the mind as might be left on it by a visit to one of those manufactories of mediæval bric-à-brac which supply the curiosity shops of Wardour Street; and it seems hardly worth while to have made the translation. Had Madame Darmesteter herself written them in English as well as in French, the book would have had the redeeming quality of her style; but the translator's conscientious effort to reproduce that style from the French gives the writing an artificial air. The influence of Pater is of course very plain throughout; and when Madame Darmesteter leaves story-telling to give us an appreciation, in Pater's manner, of the Duchess Beatrice of Milan, the wife of Ludovic the Moor, she writes by far the best thing in the book.

MISS QUILLER COUCH'S TALES.

[PUBLISHED THIS WEEK.]

"Some Western Folk," by Mabel Quiller Couch. London: Marshall. 1897.

In reading these short studies of west-country life, one has little difficulty in detecting what influence has been at work to give them their precise form and character. It is to Thomas Hardy, and most notably to the volume of his called "Life's Little Ironies," that one looks to find the source of Mrs. Quiller Couch's inspiration. To say that she does no discredit to her model is to say much: a book of short tales of rusticity is a trying test of authorship. Simplicity brings with it exposure of shortcomings; but in this instance the constructive part of stories seldom complex is always admirable. Now and again the author fails to get home on the right note at the critical moment, and is content to fall back on conventional thinking and writing out of key with the general sincerity of her touch; her work, that is to say, lacks mastery where the *vox humana* of keen yet homely tragedy is imperatively demanded. But the book gives a pathetic and almost powerful presentation of life among the poorer classes, and not a few of the characters are living and well drawn. Mrs. Quiller Couch would have kept her book up to a better standard had she omitted "Delayed in Transmission," and more in tone, had she left out her somewhat trite parable of a spider.

FICTION.

"Cottage Folk." By Mrs. Comyns Carr. London: Heinemann. 1897.

It has been well said that the dialect in favour with the ordinary novelist is rather a question of phonetic spelling than of phraseology. Now we none of us

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speak as we spell, and yet no novelist would write the speech of a cultivated Londoner phonetically. Why, then, should he so distinguish a Sussex peasant? Mrs. Comyns Carr makes one of her peasants say "sartin," and, on that principle, she ought to make a cultivated Londoner say "certin," or even "surtin;" and yet it is quite certain that she would not. To print "surtin" would be to lay stress on a fact that has no reality, namely, that we spell a word one way and pronounce it another. The fact has no reality for us, because when one hears another say "surtin," he does not think to himself, "The word is spelt 'certain,'" he is not conscious of the difference, and, therefore, to make the reader feel that cultivated men are conscious of the difference—and this would be the effect of printing "surtin"—is to give a false impression. "Surtin" is, therefore, false. But, then, "sartin" is equally false in the mouths of Sussex peasants. Either the Sussex peasant says "sartin" or he does not. If he does not—our space is limited, and we must waive this pregnant possibility. If he does, he does not notice it, and it is false to lay stress on an unreality by printing "sartin." When the author prints "sartin" she is only informing the reader that he and the Sussex peasant mispronounce the word "certain" in different ways. An interesting fact, no doubt, but no concern of the novelist. If the author had among her peasants a cultivated Londoner who would feel the difference, and if his consciousness of the difference were a factor in the drama, there would be an excuse for laying stress on the difference by printing "sartin." But if, as is the case with Mrs. Comyns Carr's stories, the peasants are always talking among themselves, and the difference of mispronunciation plays no part in the story, "sartin" still has its excuse to find. Whether it is excusable or no, the reader is certainly disturbed by a sense of unreality when two lovers, alone together, drop their aitches at each other. "Ope," "'ave," "'e" perpetually remind him that the lovers do not pronounce their words as he does, and what good does the reminder effect? The lovers are engaged in making love, not in dropping aitches. It would be a mistake to put such words as "consciousness" or "aesthetically" into their mouths, because they would not tally with their thoughts and the manner in which they regard their motives and actions. On the other hand, even the most energetic author would shrink from making peasants think without their aitches, and it is hard to understand why he should suddenly make a distinction directly they open their mouths to make love. Mrs. Comyns Carr's dialect is not a language so much as a series of misspellings, a not very expensive attempt to make her characters life-like. The masters of dialect write dialect for its own sake, they write a language that has attracted them. The dialect (pronunciation and phraseology) of Mr. Cable's niggers and Acadians would stand by itself, it is a justification in itself, quite apart from the fact that, more often than not, it plays, directly or indirectly, an appreciable part in his situations.

The author, by the way, appends an apostrophe to the word we have quoted above, and prints it "sartin." We like to think that the apostrophe is intended to show that Sussex pronunciation differs not only from the reader's pronunciation, but also from the pronunciation of some other county where the word would end in a g, for this seems to be a very conscientious proceeding, worthy of consideration, and capable of vast expansion. Why not also put an apostrophe after the third letter, so as to show that Sussex does not roll the r with Midlothian? and another after the t, in order to further define the Sussex man by suggesting that he is not a Kerry man? "Sar'tin" would have a very strong appearance in print; it looks amazingly like dialect, and well it may, for it carries with it the negative suggestion of three counties, and positively represents a fourth.

"The Claim of Anthony Lockhart." By Adeline Sergeant. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1897.

This is quite a nice story, over which good old ladies may safely shake their curls by the fire. It is conscientiously written, and affords evidence of infinite pains. The plot is so elaborate that the author herself is finally obliged to confess, at the end of the book, that she

has not an idea what the villain's motive could have been. Still, it is satisfactory that his mangled corpse is found at the foot of a cliff, and that most of the good people live happily ever after.

LITERARY NOTES.

THE triple alliance, in "Chapman's Magazine," between author, publisher, and bookseller, to oppose the present discount system, has been productive of some interesting facts apart from the question at issue. Mr. Frankfort Moore, in his humorous paper, points out the marked preference which the public shows for the six-shilling novel. He says, "My experience leads me to believe that the public actually prefers paying four-and-sixpence for a novel to paying two-and-eightpence. . . . One might expect that a well-advertised author's volume, published at three-and-six, should sell to nearly double the extent of his six-shilling volume, for there is usually a difference of only a few thousand words in the length of the two books. But I have found that the six-shilling novel actually sells to more than double the extent of the three-and-sixpenny one."

Mr. Moore is of the opinion that nothing can be accomplished unless there is complete unanimity between publishers and booksellers. The anonymous publisher quotes the instance of a well-known London firm, which, fifteen years ago, had the names of over a thousand booksellers on its list, and now can number only 245! This gentleman appeals strongly to the authors to support the movement, if only on the grounds of self-preservation.

Mr. Frederick Evans, from the bookseller's standpoint, is convinced that the only remedy is a uniform market, which should be maintained by the combined weight of the Publishers' Association, the Authors' Society, and the Associated Booksellers. Meanwhile, one would like to know what is going to result from all this wordy warfare: like the Yorkshireman with the claret, we do not seem to "get any furrader."

Mr. Frederic Kenyon has edited and commentated upon the new national possession, the poems of Bacchylides, which have been prepared for publication by the Oxford University Press. A facsimile reproduction of the papyrus on which the twenty poems are written, is also being contemplated.

The first number of "Harper's Round Table," a magazine for young people, promises well. The only objection to a capital production appears to be that the style is somewhat above the heads of the juveniles it is intended for.

Under the general title of "What is Life?" Mr. Frederick Hovenden is undertaking the solution of such conundrums as "Where are we? What are we? From whence do we come? And whither do we go?" The book is to be published immediately by Messrs. Chapman & Hall, together with a new novel by the author of "Mr. Blake of Newmarket." Mr. Edward Cooper's volume is called "The Marchioness against the County."

Mr. Richard Harding Davis has been generously exploited by London publishers of late and will doubtless win that popularity which his American admirers claim for him. Yet another book of his is forthcoming from Messrs. Harper Brothers, entitled "A Year from a Correspondent's Note-Book": it is to have the advantage of some forty full-page illustrations by Mr. Caton Woodville. The same firm has also in preparation an historical romance by Mr. William McLennan, which has just finished its serial course in the "Century."

The influence which the Kelmscott Press has exercised upon the typographic progress of the present generation will probably be more widely recognised when it has ceased to exist. It is a fitting tribute to its founder, that the Press should close with the issue of a Note by William Morris, setting forth his object in opening the works and containing a list of the publications produced. Although the special ornament will be

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discontinued, the type is to remain in the hands of the trustees for future use, and the wood-blocks are to be transferred to the British Museum.

Messrs. Macmillan's brace of new works lose nothing from lack of contrast. The first is a carefully revised edition of Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason," as translated by Professor Max Müller; and the second, Mrs. Broughton's "Practical Dressmaking for Students and Technical Classes."

The long-promised "Life and Times of Cardinal Wiseman," on which Mr. Wilfrid Ward has been engaged for some years, is to be produced by Messrs. Longmans on Monday next.

The Greek novelist, M. Stephanos T. Xenos, has woven an historical romance around the picturesque figure of Andronike, the heroine of the Hellenic revolution of 1821. The English translation, by Professor Grosvenor, will be issued immediately by Messrs. Sampson Low.

The rich harvest of biographical works, for which this season has been so conspicuous, is to be yet further supplemented by Messrs. Smith Elder's publication of "The Autobiography of Arthur Young," who will be remembered for his famous "Travels in France." The work has been edited by Miss M. Betham-Edwards.

An *édition de luxe* has been prepared by Messrs. Putnam's Sons of Bernhard Berenson's "Venetian Painters of the Renaissance." This firm has also ready "The American College in American Life" by Dr. Charles Franklin Twing; and "American Ideals, and other Essays" by Mr. Theodore Roosevelt.

A decidedly technical book is the "Manual of Static Electricity in X-ray and Therapeutic Uses," which Messrs. Sampson Low are about to publish. The author, Dr. S. H. Monell, has the imposing credential of being "the Founder and Chief Instructor of the Brooklyn Post-Graduate School of Clinical Electro-Therapeutics and Röntgen Photography."

"Tom, Unlimited" is the happy title of a children's story by a new writer, which Miss Gertrude Bradley is illustrating, and Mr. Grant Richards is preparing for Yuletide.

The present unsettled state of our Eastern Empire will lend a peculiar interest to Mr. A. Travers Crawford's volume on "Our Troubles in Poona and the Deccan," which Messrs. Constable are publishing. The work is the result of ten years' residence in the disaffected district.

Canada is the subject of the fourth volume in the "Story of the Empire" Series, and is dealt with by the editor, Mr. Howard A. Kennedy.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

THE Indian Frontier question holds the first place in the new number of the "Nineteenth Century." Sir Auckland Colvin, whose authoritative views upon the present troubles we were the first to place before the public, contributes an admirable examination of the policy of enterprise and adventure beyond the frontier which was inaugurated by Lord Lytton. He is of opinion that Lord Lytton, when in his exhaustive Minute of 4 September, 1878, he included the securing of the debouches over the mountain ranges at Chitral as an integral part of our future frontier policy, probably did not foresee that this would necessitate a serious interference with the congeries of Pathan tribes in the neighbourhood. But once the policy had been inaugurated, Lord Lansdowne found it necessary to carry it to its logical conclusion, and by the Durand agreement practically the whole of these tribes were brought within the British sphere of influence, and it is our interference with their independence which has led directly to the present outbreak. As for the future, Sir Auckland Colvin has no belief in the possibility of a bland and peaceable extension of our control over these tribal territories, such as is contemplated by Lord George Hamilton and the forward party at home. Rather the view of Sir George White and the military party will be realised if the forward policy is maintained. Complete annexation of the tribal territories must follow, and any internal troubles in Afghanistan will then be made the

pretext for a still further extension of the Indian frontier, so as to include Kandahar, Kabul, and the Hindu Kush. Sir Auckland Colvin then dwells upon the serious and increasing burden the policy of extension places upon the people of India. The English taxpayer, he points out, should in common fairness bear his share of the increased expenditure, and if he has to pay, it is not likely that he will look with much favour upon the policy of adventure advocated by the military party. M. Francis de Pressensé, in the next article, returns again to the position of England with regard to the Dual and Triple Alliances. He declares that Lord Salisbury previously made England the handmaid, the servant, the broker of the Triple Alliance, but that having once burnt his fingers, he is not likely to do it again. The Anglo-French understanding has grown stronger in recent years, but has lately grown rather weaker over the West African question. The outcome of the present negotiations will, he believes, show exactly the true dispositions of the English and French Governments towards each other, and the only danger he fears is from Mr. Chamberlain's "profligate Imperialism." Lord Brassey takes a somewhat too optimistic view of the condition of our naval reserves, but this is corrected in a criticism of his article which follows by Lord Charles Beresford. There is an interesting history of "Tammany," by Mr. Fred A. McKenzie, containing information that will be new to most people; and the late Dr. A. D. Jörgenson, formerly State Historian and Keeper of the Archives in Denmark, corrects Herr Professor Max Müller's mistakes with regard to the Schleswig-Holstein question. Mr. Herbert Paul, in a review of Professor Murray's "History of Greek Literature," astonishes us by a protest against the flippancy of the "new learning," which brings to mind an old saying about the pot calling the kettle black; and Sir Charles Robinson, Her Majesty's Surveyor of Pictures, gives us the history of Public Art Museums in England. The present position of the game of billiards is intelligently discussed by Mr. D. D. Pontifex; slum "settlements" as opposed to "missions" are convincingly championed by Canon Barnett; Professor St. George Mivart gives us some recollections of Professor Huxley, which are not calculated to arouse in us any admiration for the bigotry on his side which led to the estrangement between the two; the outside public is admitted into the mysteries of the sub-editor's room by Mr. Michael McDonagh; and Lieut.-Colonel Denison as a colonial appeals to England to take heed of the dangerous condition of her food supply so long as it depends upon nations with whom she may at any time be at war. The number is of unusual interest and importance.

In the "Fortnightly Review" an anonymous contributor concludes that Lord Rosebery's "apostasy" is due either to a craven fear of being great, or to an attempt to combine Radicalism and Imperialism, which has landed him in hopelessness and uncertainty. For the latter view there is this much to be said, that Mr. Chamberlain has had to abandon Radicalism in order to be an Imperialist, but we do not see how Mr. Chamberlain's apostasy is likely to help the Empire much, in view of the results which have hitherto followed his Colonial policy. In spite of Mr. Chamberlain's proud boast that Imperial Federation is within measurable distance of realisation, we are disposed to agree with what we believe to be Lord Rosebery's position, that the Colonies are still a long way behind the Mother Country in their desire for closer union, and until their attitude changes, the realisation of Imperial Federation must be indefinitely postponed. No doubt Lord Rosebery has ceased to be a Radical, too. His wide view of things, and his experience of men and parties, are scarcely consistent with much faith in democracy. But his "apostasy" is not due to any "craven fear of being great." It is rather to be explained by his repugnance to the chicanery of the politician, and his abhorrence of the methods by which a pushful politician makes himself a power. That a foreigner is capable of appreciating the greatness of the British Empire and its essential conditions is shown by an admirable article in which Baron Pierre de Coubertin discusses, amongst other things, whether England or the United States will take precedence in the future of the Anglo-Saxon race. He believes that, although the triumph of Anglo-Saxon civilisation in the world is secure, England will have no career of indefinitely increasing prestige and power, but will have to abdicate in favour of her offspring. That this result is probable must be admitted, unless some genuine Imperial Statesman shall soon arise in place of the spurious Brummagem variety upon which England at present relies. The Rev. William Greswell contributes a useful account of French ambitions in West Africa. These undoubtedly make for a North African Empire, and Mr. Greswell thinks that by her geographical position France is probably the best power in Europe to undertake the task of colonising and civilising this territory. Why, he asks, should England not make a bargain with France, and by giving extensive concessions in West Africa where French colonial destinies lie, secure France's adhesion to our schemes of empire in East Africa, where our most important interests are to be found. Mr. William Archer makes another attempt at the solution of the puzzle of Shakespeare's sonnets. He concludes that they were at any rate not addressed to the Earl of Southampton, and indicates his opinion that Pembroke was the Young Man and that Mistress Mary Fitton may have been the Dark Lady. Henry George's influence in England

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